

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PREPARATIONS FOR A PERMANENT "WORLD'S FAIR."

INTEREST and duty combine in stimulating cities to render their respective localities pleasant to visitors as well as to the inhabitants. Attractions for both classes usually "pay well"—directly or indirectly—and

the "paying" qualities are, of course, among the essential considerations in this utilitarian age, among a matter-of-fact people.

One of the most prominent public improvements in New York is now in process of accomplishment by a chartered company, which aims at organizing an institution that will attract attention from multitudinous

strangers, while forming a constant resort for the inhabitants of this commercial metropolis. The enterprise, when completed, will furnish one of the greatest attractions possessed by any city in the world.

The company is chartered with a seven-million capital, and with ample powers for constructing and managing the concern. The

edifice will be built chiefly of iron and glass—to serve as a permanent "Industrial Exposition"—resembling the structure erected in 1851 for the "World's Fair" in London, and which was afterward removed piece by piece, and reconstructed at Sydenham, convenient for the resident London millions and the additional millions usually visiting that mighty city.



LEXINGTON, VA.—SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF WASHINGTON-LEE COLLEGE—LADIES DECORATING THE CASKET OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE WITH IMMORTELLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119

The location selected is one of the best that could be found on New York Island—on the high grounds, opposite the east side of the Central Park. Proximity to that Park forms one of its good features, as its location there will add to the attractions of the Park as well as benefiting the new enterprise—enabling visitors to “kill two birds with one stone,” by visiting the new Palace on the same excursion that takes them to the great promenade.

Not less than twenty-three acres, costing \$1,500,000, will be covered by the great edifice and its appendages. The main building will be 3,600 feet long, with a depth of 150 feet. The grounds are well known to cattle-dealers and others under the old name of the Bull's Head—beside the tunnel of the Harlem Railroad on the Fourth avenue, in the part of the city known as Yorkville—the most central suitable point that could be found.

This immense structure will include specimens of the most useful inventions and most valuable products of all nations. The departments of horticulture and agriculture will include the largest practicable amount of specimens in both branches—including conservatories of rare foreign and domestic plants and flowers. In fact, almost everything attainable will be collected from the works of nature and art, and exhibited in specimens as far as compatible with the great design. Halls of various sizes will be dedicated to festivals and other public assemblages and celebrations. Smaller apartments will be arranged for concerts, for lectures on science, art, literature, and other subjects.

One of the important features of the plan is an International Bazar, wherein products of various nations and of all our States may be offered for sale. The Board of Regents, in whom the supervision will be vested, will include members from all States in the Union. As this immense concern will be kept open through all seasons, it will prove peculiarly attractive when the neighboring Park is mostly embargoed by winter. On the whole, it is difficult to imagine anything of the kind that could be more attractive; and the solid capital, sound sense, excellent taste, and proverbial energy of its leading spirits will, with all practicable speed, be displayed in the rapidity and splendor with which this gorgeous palace will be completed—enabling “the million” soon to revel in an edifice realizing some of the glories of the “Arabian Nights.”

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To OUR subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disorderly condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

“PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.”

The condition of things in France, with which the daily journals render the public familiar, makes it difficult as yet to see the way to a speedy close of the war begun through the folly and madness of its own rulers and people.

Commenced by the ex-Emperor in a manner that shocked the whole civilized world outside of France, that war threatened calamities of the darkest character to all the German States. The invasion was advocated by the French people generally, with few dissenting voices—the few dissentients, like Thiers and other “liberal leaders,” protesting not against the enormous outrage, but merely alleging the incompleteness of French preparation for warfare of such broad dimensions. Louis Napoleon has steadily declared that French popular opinion drove him to the declaration of war. Whether this be true or not, it matters little now, as the French people, or those who spoke and speak for them, made the contest their own. They evinced entire readiness to begin and prosecute it—having “received the declaration with enthusiasm,” and sustained it with their cheers—at least while it promised success in the crusade against Germany.

When the Emperor and his armies were beaten (and it is worthy of note that nearly all the immense forces which started to conquer and devastate Germany, including the Emperor himself, have been either killed, wounded, or captured), all France rang with declarations of undying hostility—with denunciations of “War to the knife!” “Not a foot of territory nor a stone in a fortress shall be conceded to Germany,” say the French enthusiasts who started the war for conquering territories and fortresses beyond the Rhine; “and no thought

of peace must be entertained till every German soldier is driven back or killed.”

The Germans, having repelled the French invaders from the neighborhood of Fatherland with a suddenness and success unparalleled in history, very reasonably require some security against future French outrages. As a part of this security, it is asked that the Rhenish provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, long held and garrisoned by France to facilitate operations against Germany, shall be restored to Germany—a request the more reasonable as a majority of the inhabitants, taking the two provinces together, yet speak the language of Germany, from which country they were long ago separated by French intrigue and force, aided by “State-Right” divisions, fomented by foreign influences, which have proved incalculably injurious to the Germans for many ages.

Now, as Alsace and Lorraine, wherein the German armies triumphed signally and promptly at the beginning of the contest, contain the Vosges or Vosh Mountains, forming a suitable boundary-line for the future safety of Germany, and as those regions formerly belonged to that country, is it wonderful that, after long and bitter experience, Old Germany, through all its States, combined now as they were never before harmonized, should demand a restoration of those provinces to the now “United Germany” as a safeguard of the Rhine Valley, the most important defensive line for the welfare of all Fatherland? “Put yourself in his place,” and judge whether a German would be unreasonable in requiring this as one of the proper safeguards against repetition of the intrigues and attacks which France has been perpetrating for ages upon Germany—in the days of the first French Republic and of the First Napoleon, as well as during the present year.

The condition of Germany, the intelligent and well-ordered character of its inhabitants, the general views of public policy now held by its leading statesmen and other thinkers, and last, but not least, its political construction, considerably resembling the United States, forbid the idea of its being an aggressive or acquisitive nation, interference with and conquest in foreign countries being the last things thought of by the people of “United Germany.” These features are accompanied by another, in which true-hearted Americans generally will cordially concur with the Germans, and that is, the inflexible determination to be “let alone”—undisturbed either by foreign intrigues or invasions—freed from which latter curses, by reunion with their old provinces of Alsace and Lorraine (including the “Vosh Mountain ramparts, now armed with German cannon,” for defending the Rhine Valley), the people of the Fatherland, after this war closes, may dismiss the large armies they have been for ages compelled to maintain in defense against French aggression.

The war thus wantonly begun against Germany has wonderfully reacted against the nation that commenced it, and forms the most signal instance of prompt retribution that ever befell a country in judgment for the folly of its rulers and people. It is still continued, not from any disposition among the Germans to prolong a contest that has already cost them the loss of probably two hundred thousand of their countrymen and immense injury in other respects, but because there is no properly-organized government to treat with—no authorities whose doings are recognized by or that would be binding on the people of France, as the “Red Flag” waves over some cities, irrespective of the flag extemporized by the Defense Committee at Paris or Tours—which latter body actually forbids the election of a Constituent Assembly that was promised several weeks ago as a means of providing France with some regularly-organized body for making a treaty of peace binding on the nation.

Is it wonderful, therefore, that, after all the German States have been convulsed with armaments for resisting this last attack, the German authorities continue the contest till the people of France shall show, by forming any sort of a regularly-organized government, that they see and feel the necessity for concluding a war which they commenced in the most wanton manner, and making some reparation to Germany for the immense damage occasioned by the outrage?

“Put yourself in his place”—a good way of enabling one to judge of the justice involved in a disputed question—and then, good reader, say whether the German commander is doing anything very different from what you would be likely to do under similar circumstances, for the future welfare of a country that has for ages been compelled to “stand by its arms,” with incessant readiness to repel just such attacks as France made when commencing the present war against Germany.

The whole world is interested in having settlement made in a way that will warn all nations, through all time, against repetition of such invasions as have disturbed the public peace in this case—disturbing the relations of many nations, and compelling Germany, in

self-defense, to put its whole arms-bearing population in the field, with a loss already of probably two hundred thousand of its people—causing mourning and distress in every neighborhood through all the States of Germany, as well as in France itself.

INTERNATIONAL EFFORTS FOR PRISON REFORM.

THE recent Prison Congress at Cincinnati was one of the most important assemblages of the season—the character of the members and the variety of the topics indicating the great and growing attention toward one of the most important branches of social and governmental reform. Criminals, like the honest poor, we have always with us everywhere, and the highest dictates of humanity and religion and worldly policy require that correspondingly great and wide-spread efforts shall be made, and made promptly and perseveringly, for correcting long-existing evils, by introducing improvements for which thoughtful and benevolent minds have long yearned.

The peculiar difficulties besetting the enterprise—obstacles demanding the most careful and kindly exertions for success—require devoted and incessant attention from all well-disposed persons, in official life and in private circles; and hence every such assemblage as the Congress at Cincinnati deserves special consideration and profound respect from the community.

Our restricted limits forbid even an adequate abstract of the proceedings on this important occasion—which are happily furnished with commendable detail by the leading daily journals:

But our thorough sympathy in the great and good work may be seen in these brief allusions to the subjects which drew together this Congress and to the spirit which influenced its members. We earnestly hope that the vast amount of valuable information presented by the speeches and reports elicited on this occasion will be carefully considered by many among our multitudinous readers in all sections of the Union; as there is no locality and no individual that has not an interest in correcting evils and promoting improvements in this essential branch of social and public policy.

In this connection, we cannot refrain from expressing regret that, when the people of New York were lately voting on the Judiciary Reform, which has now become a part of the State Constitution, a provision was not also adopted for placing the prison management beyond the influence and mutations of parties and partisans. A Council of Ten—selected from among the best qualified citizens, with the power to fill up their Board when death or resignation withdrew any member—should be at once entrusted with the direction of the whole management of our punitive system. Men of different parties, admirably qualified for this delicate and responsible duty, could be readily named from among the comparatively small number who give proper attention to the philosophy and practice of prison discipline—men who would give still further evidence of their sympathy in the cause by rendering their official services gratuitously, as they have long devoted much energy and incurred considerable expense in promoting the object by private benevolent effort. Will not some members of the Legislature make this matter of Reform a leading point in their labors during the approaching session? Governor Hoffman has shown active sympathy in such matters. Will not he, or his successor, if he is not re-elected, throw the weight of his official position in favor of this most important feature of Prison Reform, by recommending it in the next “message”? We urge the same doctrine in reference to all other States in the Union. Governors everywhere can do much good by co-operating in such recommendations to their respective Legislatures. People who have not carefully examined these matters cannot realize the greatness of the necessity for reform. Those most conversant with the subject, in its broadest scope, know that we do not overrate the magnitude of the duty.

But there was one good movement at the Cincinnati assemblage, to which we must specially refer before closing this brief notice: And that is, the provision for convoking an “International Congress,” which shall bring together, from various countries, men who have distinguished themselves in advocating reformation in Prison Discipline. The good produced by such extended co-operation is seen in some other matters—especially, just now, in the workings of the International Organization for lessening the horrors of war by relieving the sick and wounded among armies of all nations. Excellent suggestions about Prison Discipline may be obtained from some points not otherwise prominent—as, for instance, from a certain locality in Ireland, where prison affairs are regulated in a manner that commands great respect from the most advanced prison-reformers among us—just as, in reference to the insane, valuable hints may be

taken from the treatment of that class at Gheel, in Holland, as we had recent occasion to mention.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.—The Democrats of England are making themselves particularly conspicuous at this time. They demand that their Government shall recognize, without delay, the Republic of France. Failing to do so, they threaten it with a revolution that will supplant the monarchy and aristocracy that now rule Great Britain. At a meeting of upward of fifty thousand citizens, held in Palace Yard, London, the other day, one of the speakers significantly remarked that if “Mr. Gladstone did not recognize the French Republic to-day, he would find himself compelled to recognize the Republic of England to-morrow.” Another was in favor of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France, while a third was for “compelling Prussia to make compensation for the injuries inflicted upon France.”

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE WEST.—Forty years ago Detroit contained but 2,222 inhabitants; it now has 80,000. Thirty-three years ago, when Michigan was admitted into the Union, it had less than 200,000 inhabitants; now it has almost 1,000,000. Forty years ago, in all that region between Flint and Mackinaw, there were but twenty-eight whites, where to-day are settled over 240,000. This is in people. Its wealth of forest, soil, magnificent mineral deposits and commercial position are not so easily stated.

THE ICE CROP.—A letter from the Maine ice-harvesting localities says that extensive preparations are making there to largely exceed the “cut” of last winter. That was disposed of at such enormous prices that several people interested have become rich; yet, of the crop 2,500 tons remain in the ice-houses. This winter the speculators there will harvest at least 500,000 tons. If all the arrangements now contemplated are carried out, ice will be held at low figures next summer—at least we hope so.

WHEN, HOW, WHERE AND ON WHAT SHALL WE SLEEP?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

NO. II.

THERE is great anxiety expressed by many as to the method of their life—what to eat, what to drink, how to dress themselves, the exercise they should take, respecting their amusements. In short, every detail of life is submitted to a scrutiny, in order that the most salubrious may be selected, which shall make life happy and enduring. But of one-third, at least, of the twenty-four hours they take very little regard. How to sleep, when to sleep, where to sleep—these are all summed up in one demand, Give me something soft to sleep upon, and in summer something cool on which to repose.

WHEN SHALL WE SLEEP?—THE HOURS OF SLEEP.

Great stress is made by certain persons respecting the portion of the twenty-four hours that shall be devoted to sleep. Many have an idea that those immediately following the setting of the sun are the most healthy, and some even have a kind of adage running in their minds to the effect that an hour before midnight is worth two after that witching epoch. They derive, too, a sort of imaginary logical reason in their support from the fact that most birds and animals sleep from sunset to sunrise. They forget that they are compelled to choose this time, as they can do nothing else; had they vision capable of seeing at all hours, it is very possible that they would not select those hours so exclusively as they do now by compulsion. As it is, many of these animals, as those of the cat kind, who are able to see equally well by day and by night, seem rather to prefer the night for almost all their various avocations.

A great number of the nations of the world “turn night into day,” and with no apparent detriment to their health, or deterioration of the race. All the fashionable world of Europe, and the better classes generally, begin the day long after the sun has arisen, and end it by the light of Dian's lamp. Laborers and mechanics, who require a good light for their occupations, are compelled to work between suns; while the man of letters prefers the quiet of night and the “midnight oil” to marshal his forces.

So far as health is concerned, we may each make our own judgments upon the following facts: The thermometric and hydrometric conditions of the air are more conducive to health and vigor when influenced by the revivifying light of the sun. This is not felt for several hours after its rising, as its beams are not sufficiently powerful to dry up the dews and drive away the pestilential vapors, and for any out-of-door employment, there are no hours more noxious than those immediately after sunrise. On the other hand, the genial influence of the day-god remains for several hours after the light has departed, its effects—warmth and dryness—lasting for quite a prolonged period afterward, as variously determined by the wind, the season, and other accompanying influences.

In former times the light was an important consideration, as the feeble candle tried the strength of the eyes; but improved means of illumination have rendered this a matter of less importance for the scholar, the seamstress, and laborers of this description.

The warmth of the house at night, in the winter season, as compared with its discomfort in the early morning, is another reason for choosing the quiet of night, instead of the distracting bustle of day, for all studious employments.

As, formerly, people supposed that they must derive benefit from nauseous barks and detestable bitters and pucky acids—the viller-tasting and more disgusting, the better—so the fact, "to get up with the lark," and shiver and shake, was deemed most meritorious, merely because it required such an effort of will, and was contrary to the desires of nature—that poor nature, we were taught never was to have its own way in anything.

Among the miseries and horrors of young life is, they are made to get up and take a walk for health—Heaven save the mark!—before breakfast. I sincerely hope the pest that orders this refinement of cruelty may be compelled to ride for two hours after sunset, for a year, in Central Park. I know he'll have fever and ague in three weeks' time, and not get over it permanently until five years have passed away while he has slept in his bed like a Christian, and until decent hours and breakfast have enabled him to commence the day properly.

WHERE SHALL WE SLEEP?

Those dwelling in cities have generally little choice, the houses being so constructed that all the apartments are equally salubrious, but those living in the country have a greater choice. The room should be elevated above the ground. There is a great tendency to miasmatic disease everywhere in the country—not always manifesting itself by intermittents, but equally as surely by typhus and various slow and exhausting fevers. To avoid this, the bedroom should be elevated from the ground. In fact, there should be no rooms without a cellar underneath. It is far better to sleep in the second story than on the ground-floor—especially if the cellar is filled with fruit and vegetables, as it usually is in winter.

Wherever the bedroom is, in city or country, on the first floor or third, it should be visited freely by the sun. Houses covered with the shade of trees, so as to be with never a visit from the full rays of the sun to thoroughly dry, and heat, and aerate—way through the roof and sides, affecting every nook and corner—are more or less unhealthy, according as these are more or less fully affected. It may be hot in summer to roasting, and cold in winter to freezing, under the roof of a country-house, but it is healthy, and children who spend their youthful days, or rather their nights, there, will probably grow up healthy and free from cachexy.

Trundle-beds—low beds, almost or quite on the floor—are unhealthy. The worst portions of the air go either to the top of the room—carried thither by the heat which they may contain—or, if cold, will fall to the floor by their weight, as carbonic acid gas—the principal ingredient—and foul air are heavier than the more nutritious elements of ordinary breathing air.

One of the reasons why so many children die in closely-packed tenement-houses is, that so many sleep in a single room, and the little ones are placed in their beds on the floor, and have the carbonic acid gas from the stove and from the breaths of all the tenants of the room, and this, continued night after night, sows the seeds of death. This mortality is greatly diminished since the Board of Health has prohibited all cellar and underground residences for any class of people. Till this was done the children had also the impure air settling from the whole street, and the damp from the ground immediately under their floors.

WHAT SHALL WE SLEEP ON?

Want and privation will enable one to sleep on the cold earth, wrapped in a blanket for warmth, with the head pillowed on a stone, but as we find ourselves bettered in condition, we seek for a softer bed. The emigrant finds straw and leaves, and, after a little time, feathers, enough for a couch. As he increases in wealth and ease, he but exercises more care in selecting his straw and feathers, and perhaps taking corn-husks. Straw and husks are healthy enough, but too hard and uncomfortable to be pleasant. Feathers are too soft and enervating in their effects. They induce a debilitating action of the skin, and are exhausting and very objectionable for the young. More especially they have a markedly bad effect upon children. Feather pillows are especially injurious for teething children. They naturally have a great rush of blood to the head, which is augmented by the anti-radiating nature of the feather, and convulsions and other brain difficulties are liable to ensue therefrom.

The stimulation accompanying puberty receives an injurious excitation from the heat of feathers.

Hair mattresses have been, till quite recently, the best beds and pillows made. Hair does not allow such an accumulation of heat, with its exhausting results, as feathers. This is not desirable for the old, who have no extra vigor, and to whom softness and heat are necessary. A hair mattress, upon the steel-spring bed, combines the highest delights of sleeping with the most perfect salubrity, for healthy adults not beyond the medium age, and more particularly in warm weather. The hair acting as a rapid conductor of the animal caloric, the body is cooled and rested at the same time. In fact this radiation is so great that one cannot keep sufficiently warm in a cold winter room with any amount of covering over him, unless this radiation is arrested by a wool blanket under the sheet and over the mattress, or a feather-bed or wool mattress under it. Unfortunately, these beds are very expensive when made of the best material, breed moths and harbor vermin, and, when poor, are offensive to the smell, hard and knotty, and soon worn out; and

therefore we are glad to find a substitute of a most delightful character, cheap, soft, salubrious, in sponge, kept pliable and springy by glycerine. It is entirely free from the objections just alluded to, somewhat less of a radiator of heat than hair, molding itself more to the shape of the person, and in every respect a most delightful bed. For winter, and more particularly for the aged and those who like a luxurious bed, the sponge is preferable even to hair, while for children who kick off the clothes and lie exposed a great part of the time, it is especially useful. Its introduction into general use forms an era in luxury, so rarely combined with health.

India-rubber beds, filled with air or water, have never been introduced into general use, and probably never will, as they are too liable to be injured, and even a prick with a pin will seriously affect their utility. They are of great value in certain cases of illness, where it is desirable for the pressure to be radiated over a large surface, rather than to be made upon any projecting portion, and also where the least jar is to be avoided. The water-beds have the same objection of radiating the heat already alluded to.

But better than all beds, a good digestion and a quiet conscience make sleep the sweetest and most easily obtained. Without these, though pillowed on down and fanned by most delicious breezes, sleep will flee away and the morning light will find one little refreshed.

JANAUSCHEK IN ENGLISH DRAMA.

For it is not in the Shakespearean tragedy that this lady made her first debut upon the American stage, and employed the English tongue. She first appeared in Mr. Daly's version of "Deborah"; but it has been reserved for her in *Lady Macbeth* to make an impression upon the audience attracted by the novelty of a foreign lady's appearance as a translator of the Bard of Avon in his own language.

Undeniably, her success was a great one, and we have at the present day few actresses on the American and English stage who can be paralleled with her, in her grandly rough intensity, and the superbly true energy which characterizes her embodiment of the wife of the Scottish usurper. Indeed, it is singular at the present moment to see two German actresses—the one in her own language and the other in a stranger tongue—holding the first places upon the boards of the metropolis of America. Yet scarcely had Seebach made her wonderful success, and leapt at an instant into a position which is rarely won historically by a foreign actress, than another one audaciously steps forward to perform in English a part which has been consecrated dramatically by the genius of Siddons and Mrs. Kemble, as the grandest upon our own stage. We say "audaciously" because Mlle. Janauschek had not given more than twelve short months of study to the new tongue she essayed. But audacious as the attempt has been, its success is as signal an one, and no artist who has yet appeared in another language than her or his own, on the histrionic boards, has so marvelously conquered its difficulties and made them completely subservient to his or her triumph.

Seldom has the grand if coarse ambition of *Lady Macbeth* found so powerful a translation as she gave it; and for its weird beauty, we know nothing at the present day which is superior to her sleep-walking scene. This developed a mastery on her part over the more subtle characteristics of the rôle, which was scarcely to have been anticipated. We can understand that in the broader lines with which a character is drawn in, Mlle. Janauschek should compel a vital portraiture. But in the more delicate shadowings which detail its meaning, we might not irrationally have been prepared to accept a degree of failure. That this is not the case, argues well both for the study and genius of the artist. But her genius we have already recognized, and it is therefore with a thorough candor that we point to her study, as a thing which commends itself to the attention of every ambitious aspirant for histrionic renown.

This lady had already won every honor which a native German or a foreign public could bestow in the German language.

She had won these in that language, although it was not originally her own.

Naturally enough, we might have believed that she would have been contented with the eminence she had gained—that she would not have abandoned a year of her life, and a year of hard and unremitting study, simply to grapple with the chance of failure.

That she has done this argues well both for her brave nerve and self-confidence.

That she has done so successfully only affords another proof that we are the keenest nation to appreciate the pluck and resolution which are demanded from the artist who indulges in such an ambition. In proportion to the difficulty do we appreciate the result. We close our ears against those slight errors of intonation, which must be unavoidable in any debutante or debutant in a foreign tongue, and we recognize only the genius and the determination which make her one of the most progressive artists in a strange language who has ever appeared before the New York public.

When we say this we say all which is necessary to be said respecting one who, two years since, won so lofty a position in the esteem of the critical public—a position which she has so decidedly improved by the success of an effort in which her failure might not irrationally have been anticipated. Neither was her success in any degree heightened by the insufficiency of her support, as, save Locke's music in the tragedy, the whole of it was well or acceptably rendered. This, which might have sheltered its inefficiencies in a mere theatre, under the ordinary character of its choral exhibitions in an Academy of Music became simply execrable.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Burning of Mouson by the Prussians.

During the progress of the battle of Mouson, which was one of the disastrous engagements which marked McMahon's desperate attempts to join Bazaine, shut up in Metz by Prince Charles, the shells from the batteries of the Crown-Prince set fire to the adjacent village of Mouson, which was soon involved in a general conflagration, that continued long into the night, illuminating the horizon with a lurid glare, and soon reduced the town to ashes. Mouson was a small manufacturing village in Northern France, and contained a population of a few hundred souls. These and other acts have done much to embitter the people against the Prussians.

Arrival of the Emperor Napoleon at the Prussian Camp.

On that eventful day in the history of France when the entire army of McMahon, the gallant soldier and able general, laid down their arms, and consented to a disgraceful capitulation, alike insulting to the men who had fought so nobly and so well, and to the spirit and traditions of the French people, a barouche, drawn by four horses, proceeded at a rapid rate, accompanied on either side by two mounted uhlans, and followed at a distance by a company of cavalry, toward the Prussian camp, which lay at some distance from the town, and was situated on a level plain, through which a brook wended its way slowly, supplying the water for the camp. The barouche contained Napoleon, who was being taken as a prisoner to the tent of the King of Prussia, who advanced a few paces, accompanied by several staff officers, to meet his illustrious captive. Napoleon was sent in a special train to Wilhelmshöhe, the country-seat of the Electors of Hanover, where he has since remained, treated with truly royal consideration.

Return of Wounded French Soldiers from Sedan.

When the news of the capture of McMahon's army and the capitulation of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan reached Paris, it raised a thrill of indignation which soon subsided into universal and unfeigned sorrow when they learned the enormous odds against which the gallant marshal had struggled, and the terrible sacrifice of life which the obstinate resistance of the French entailed upon them. By-and-by the stragglers came in by twos and threes, then in squads; and finally a regiment, broken and shattered, its ranks reduced to half the original number, the men pale and worn, many of them in rags, many wounded, and needing kind nursing and the care and attention of a home. They had managed to impress a few wagons on the way, and in these the wounded had been carefully placed. It was pitiful to note the yearning expression of these poor fellows' faces as they searched among the crowd for some familiar face.

French Prisoners of War.

The Germans, on adjusting the terms of the capitulation at Sedan of the army of Marshal McMahon, lost no time in preparing their prisoners, those of them that were unwounded, for the march through the Vosges and thence across the Rhine into the heart of Germany, where they are now, and well-cared for, waiting for exchange or the return of peace. Indeed, hardly had the smoke of the battle dissipated in the surrounding air, while yet the dead lay where they fell in the "fierce rage of the battle," when long and sad lines of men, many of them in rags, were marched in the night, and in the midst of a terrific rain-storm, toward the Prussian border. Many stories are told in the European papers of the fatigues the conquered were compelled to face, not, however, forced upon them by their victors, but in consequence of the difficulties that grew out of the large numbers that had surrendered. When the soldiers of France entered the German territory they were no longer regarded as prisoners of war. Every care was taken of them. They were properly fed, clothed, and housed—in fine, treated rather as friends and neighbors than as enemies. The engraving represents the French prisoners on the march in the night succeeding the battle of Sedan.

Gardes Mobiles Arriving in Paris.

When General Trochu was made Governor of Paris, he at once issued an order calling upon all Gardes Mobiles, and others who were obliged to serve in the army in the departments around Paris, to rally to the defense of the city. The call was promptly obeyed, and it is estimated that not less than three hundred thousand Gardes Mobiles, volunteers, and France-tireurs were assembled within the city from the issuing of the order to the completion of the Prussian cordon around the place. The promptness with which this order was obeyed, when many might have avoided it very easily, shows more clearly than words could express it the spirit of enthusiasm and patriotic devotion which pervades and animates all classes of society, from the wealthiest banker down to the poorest gambrin that ever cut antics in the streets of Paris. The Gardes Mobiles belong to the regular army, although not bearing arms except in an emergency like the present. They are, however, obliged to serve three or four years in the regular army. It is an institution similar to the Prussian Landwehr. Our illustration represents a body of these troops marching through the streets of Paris. They are mostly from the adjoining departments. They are all men between the ages of twenty-five and fifty.

The Capture of Rome.

The city of Rome, as our readers are aware, was entered by the Italian troops on the 20th of September, they having stormed the walls, at the Villa Bonaparte and at the Gate of San Giovanni, compelling the foreign troops in the Papal service to surrender. Before making an attack on the ancient city, the commander of the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel, General Cardona, occupied all the towns in the Roman States, thus circumscribing the authority of the Pope, as a temporal prince, to the capital. Until the Supreme Pontiff interfered, General Baron Genzel, a German officer in command of the city, held his ground with great doggedness, and would, perhaps, have made the capture of the defenses a much more serious affair than Cardona would have cared for, notwithstanding he had under his command five divisions, with ten thousand men in each. The artillery of the Italians, which opened about five o'clock in the morning—accompanied by sharp interchanges of bullets, with loss of life on both sides—was mainly directed against the walls. The cannonading was continued until about ten A.M., when, as our engravings illustrate, breaches were made in the walls, and the divisions at once forced their way into the city through them with little further fighting. The whole number killed on the Italian side was but twenty-one, includ-

ing three officers, and one hundred and seventeen wounded, of whom five were officers. Of the Papal Zouaves, six were reported killed, and twenty or thirty wounded.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AUBER and Gounod have arrived in London.

WAGNER's new opera, "Brunnhilde," has just been produced at Munich.

ADELINA PATI has gone to England for a provincial tour. It was getting a little warmish in Paris.

MINNIE HAUCK is singing the part of Zerlina, in Mozart's "Don Juan," at the Vienna Opera House.

MME. PAREPA-ROSA will pass the winter in London, returning to America with an opera troupe next spring.

MADAME ALBONI has been compelled to leave her residence in the Champs Elysees, Paris, owing to the siege.

MRS. HELEN MUZZY, an actress for over forty years, died in Washington, D.C., of heart disease, on the 13th of October.

DAN BRYANT has left the halls of minstrelsy and taken up Irish comedy. He will shortly appear in San Francisco, Cal.

It is stated the management of the Gaiety Theatre, London, contemplate mounting a dramatized version of "Pickwick."

DURING his recent engagement in Chicago, Edwin Booth gave his representation of King Lear for the first time in ten years.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES's burlesque and comic opera troupe have met with great success at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y.

Mlle. NILSSON's concerts in Philadelphia have been wonderfully successful, and the Quaker critics are loud in her praise.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY is engaged dramatizing the "Old Curiosity Shop," by special permission of the late Charles Dickens.

JOHN S. CLARKE was at Roberts's Opera House, Hartford, Conn., last week, appearing in a round of his favorite characters.

JOHN BROUGHAM's play of "Minnie's Luck" was produced at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., last week, on the engagement of Leona Cavender.

On the 31st of October Mrs. Lander will commence an engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. "Elizabeth" is scored for the opening night.

MISS CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG was warmly welcomed by a multitude of friends on the occasion of her first grand concert at the Academy of Music, New York.

At the California Theatre, San Francisco, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau has drawn crowded audiences. His Kit, in the "Arkansas Traveler," has proven one of his best hits.

DURING the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins, in the patriotic drama of "Trodden Down," attracted good audiences at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

At the Grand Opera House, New York, "Le Petit Faust" was presented on the first three nights of last week, and the "Grand Duchesse de Gerostein" the remaining.

On October 24th, a burletta, entitled "Nymphs of the Caribbean Sea," is to be brought out at the Globe Theatre, New York. This house is devoted to the variety business.

On Monday last the English Opera Troupe gave their first opera of the season at Niblo's Theatre, New York. The audience was large, as it always is when "Martha" is brought out.

At Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, a capital burlesque, called "Law-on-amble-ah" was on the boards last week. Stuart Robson and Harry Jackson elicited hearty applause.

THE Lydia Thompson Troupe commenced, on October 17, an engagement at Wood's Museum, New York, the house where Miss Thompson made her first bow to an American audience.

MISS MARRIOT, who appeared about a year ago at Wood's Museum, New York, in Shakespearean characters, is playing with success in Belfast. Her *Lady Macbeth* is especially commended.

THE "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was brought out at the National Theatre, Washington, D.C., by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. The piece was admirably mounted, and the characters well sustained.

MARIE SEEBACH appeared in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" for the first time in this country at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, October 20th, and the occasion proved one of her greatest triumphs.

EMMA C. LA JEUNESSE, the Albany vocalist, is having a great success in Italy, where she has received a diploma of honorary membership of the Italian Academy of Art, with the name of prima donna.

THE experiment of furnishing first-class music, at prices within the reach of all, at Music Hall, Boston, is an established success. The house has been crowded, and the musical selections of the most popular style.

Mlle. JANAUSCHEK's success in English drama, at the Academy of Music, New York, is well-merited. She has studied hard to master our language, and we are glad that the public recognize her high dramatic talents.

PRINCE POMIATOWSKI, the accomplished amateur composer and singer, is among the victims of the late events, and is now in London. The Prince is reduced to the sad necessity of earning a livelihood by giving instructions in singing.

THE Misses Celestine, Clara, and Blanche, sisters of the lamented pianist Gottschalk, gave the first of a series of concerts in New York on the 13th of October, their programme being composed of the favorite works of their late brother.

THE Sunday evening sacred concerts, which were so successful at the Grand Opera House, New York, last spring, were revived on the 16th, when the French singers and the full orchestra united in rendering music suitable to the day, at an extremely low figure.

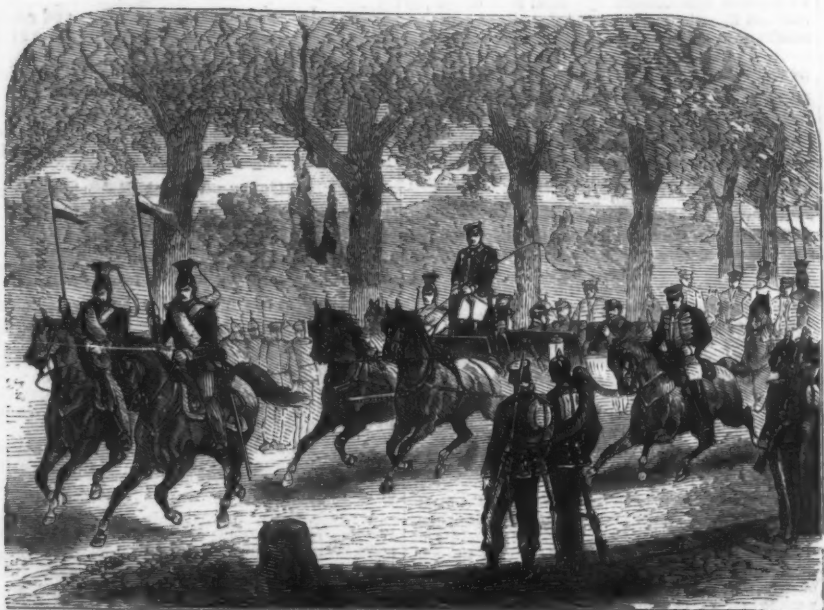
THE success that has attended the introduction of "Wee Willie Winkie" at the Olympic Theatre, New York, has been unusually great. George L. Fox seems to grow more humorous with age, and the audiences that crowd the theatre seem to catch the jolly contagion.

An interesting and valuable relic of the greatest actor who ever adorned the British stage is now in possession of Mr. Fred Williams, of Saltley. It consists of an antique chair of solid oak, curiously carved, bearing on the border of its back panel the inscription, "David Garrick, 1774, Grub street," and upon the panel itself the Shakespearean motto, "All the world's a stage."

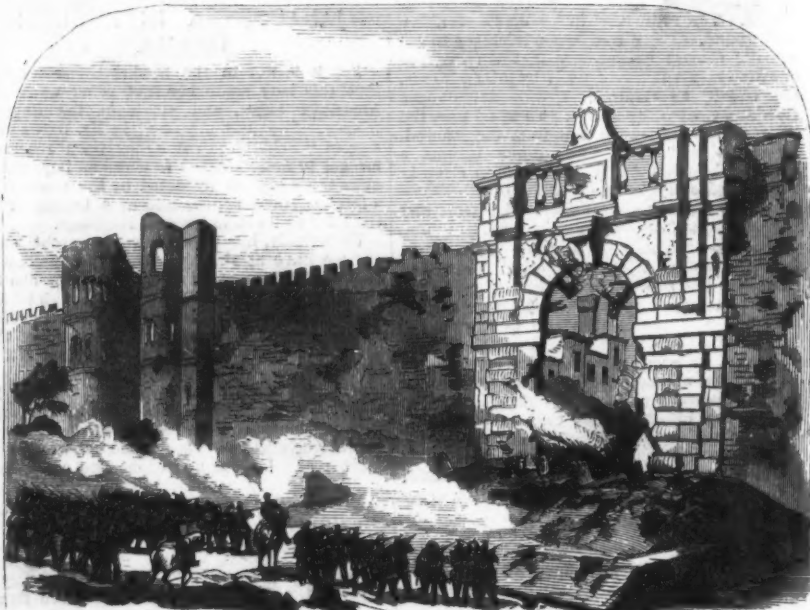
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 115.



FRANCE.—BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF MOUZON BY THE PRUSSIANS, THE DAY PRECEDING THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.



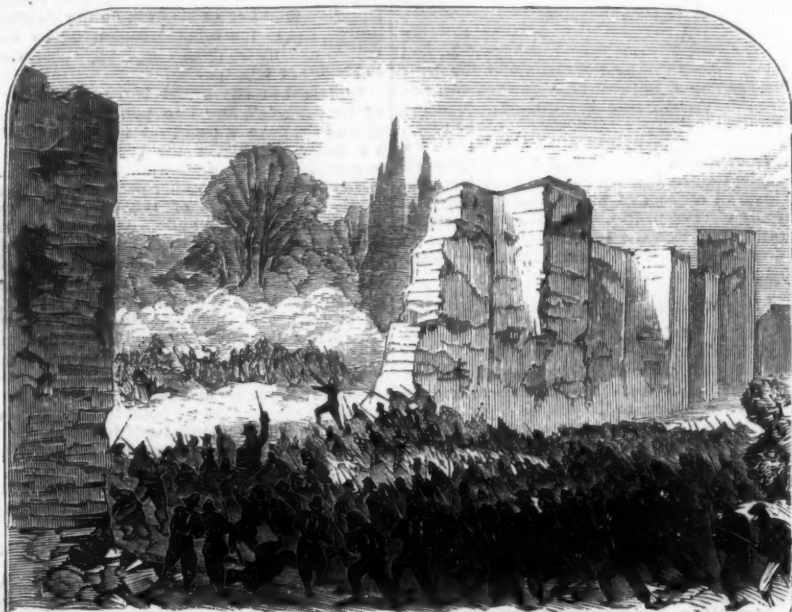
FRANCE.—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP, A PRISONER OF WAR.



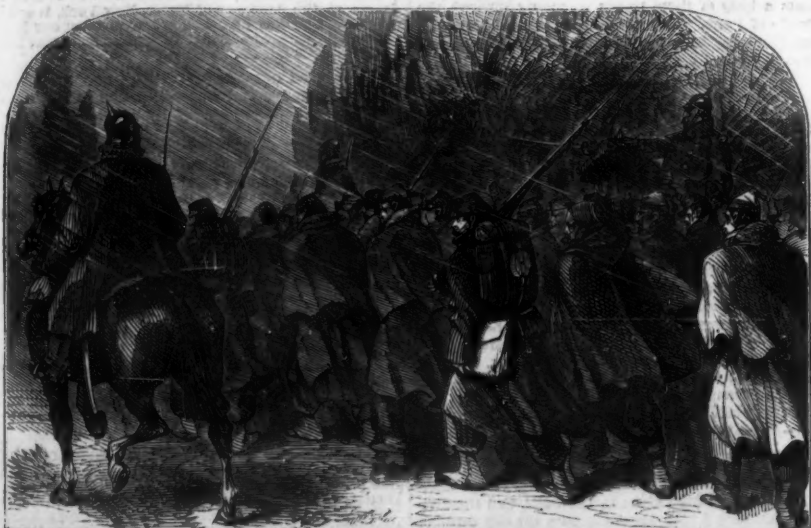
ITALY.—THE ARMY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL STORMING THE GATE OF SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO, ROME.



FRANCE.—SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION, PARIS—RETURN OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM SEDAN.



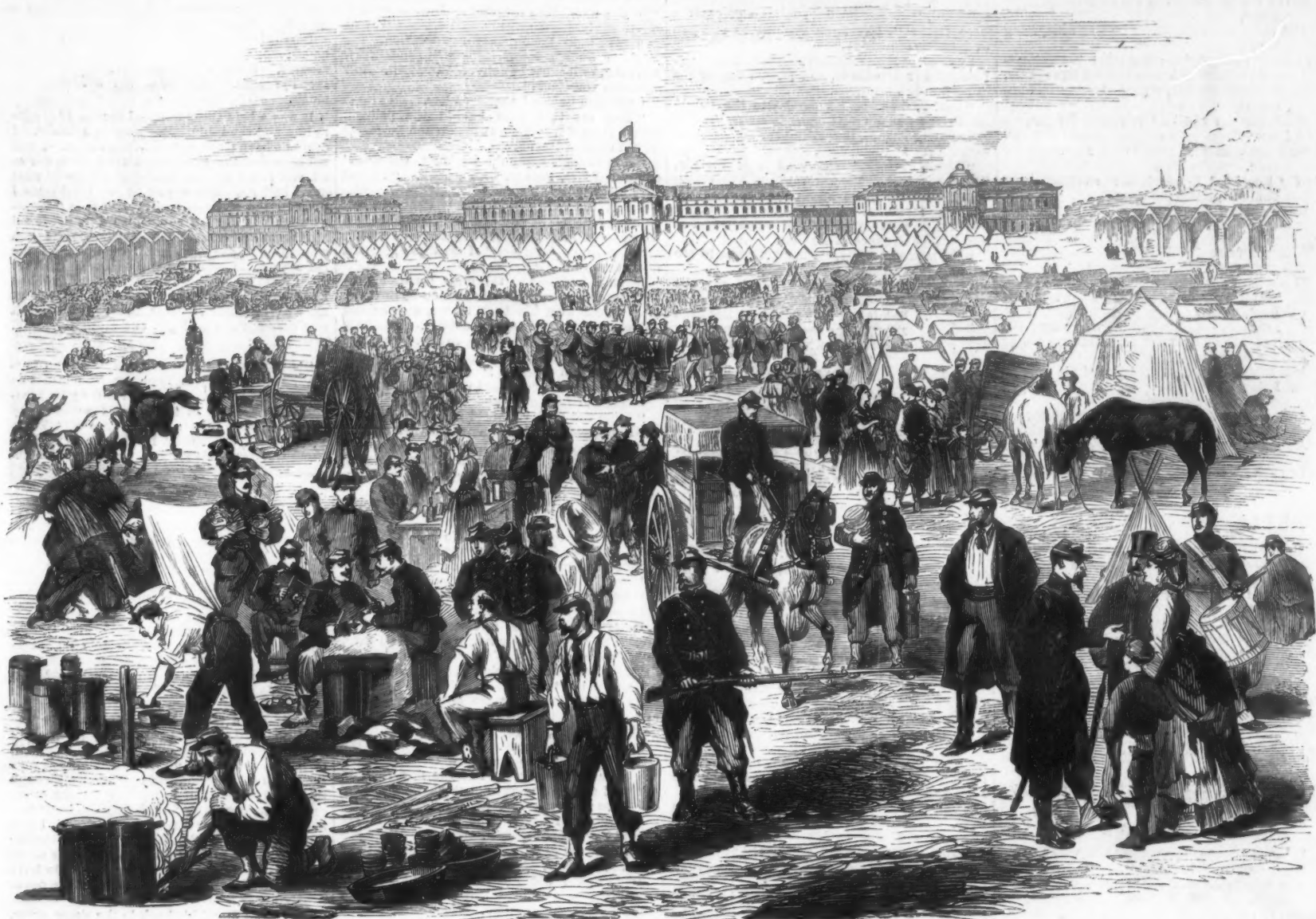
ITALY.—ITALIAN TROOPS STORMING THE WALLS OF ROME AT THE VILLA BONAPARTE.



FRANCE.—FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR ON THE MARCH, AT NIGHT, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL FROM THE DEPARTMENTS OF GARDES MOBILES FOR THE DEFENSE OF PARIS.



THE WAR.—CAMP FOR VOLUNTEERS IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 119.



NEW YORK CITY.—FLIGHT OF SCHOLARS FROM PUBLIC SCHOOL (BUILDING NO. 19, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, DURING THE PERIOD OF THE EARTHQUAKE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1870.—SEE PAGE 119.

THE MESSENGER.

I HEARD the brown bee in the clover-field humming,
And these were the words he was whispering low,
"Listen," he said, "for thy lover is coming—
I saw him pass by where the red lilies grow.
I was down on the lea, where the first bud un-
closes,
Watching the red leaf unrolling for me,
And I saw him pass by with a bouquet of roses,
And knew he had gathered the garland for thee.
And 'Ho, ho!' laughed the starling, 'our
bonnie-eyed darling
Knows not that her lover is coming—does
she?'
"I turned from the bird, in contempt at her
chatter—
She is such a gossip, and that I detest—
And I said, 'If she knows, or knows not, it
don't matter;
And, ma'am, I advise you to go to your nest.
There are things that we all would be better
for leaving
And letting alone, and this gossip is wrong.'
Then I flew straight to you, for I knew you
were grieving,
And wondering why your love tarried so
long.
Now, don't think I listen, but I saw the tears
glisten,
And heard you this morning break down in
your song.
"And I said, 'I will fly to the bonnie-eyed
maiden,
And tell her her lover is nearing her side—
That I saw him go by, and the whole air was
laden
With the breath of the roses he plucked for
his bride.
I trust you will never accuse me of prying,
But know that I meant to do all for the
best."
And the bee flew away, and my heart ceased
its sighing,
And fluttered and beat like a bird in the
nest;
And my raven-tressed lover came up through
the clover,
And kissed the glad face that he drew to his
breast.

"I, JOHN PARSONS."

I, JOHN PARSONS, ferryman, B—River, Little
Barton, Yorkshire, haven't lived fifty-eight years
in the world without making up my mind to
something. And what I've come to is this: for
a merry, easy, careless life, try a ferry. In fine
weather, sir, it's unexceptionally jolly; when
it's wet, with a thick coat and a little tobacco,
so long as the damp doesn't make for your
joints, you can easily keep up your spirits. As
for seeing the world comfortably from where
you stand, why, sir, there's nothing like it. I
take them over slowly and not too many at a
time, so that I can put my finger on each one
when I see them again, and know "that's you."
It's astonishing the number of faces I've seen
between the two banks of the river. When I
think of it, I shut my eyes and say to myself,
"Multiply it by ten, by a hundred, by thousands,
by millions, and there you've the size of the
world as neatly set before you as possible, John
Parsons." I tell you, sir, when the thought
comes across me after a market day, it's al-
most too much for my mind.

Of an evening I generally have the river to
myself. We keep as still as possible, partly be-
cause I get drowsy, and partly because I don't
like to remind the creatures unpleasantly that
I'm the only man there. The birds often hop
down on the seat beside me, but I never move
or make a remark; and I've no doubt they take
it kindly on their part, poor things. On moon-
light nights the river, with its white water-
lilies, is a perfect show. I make bold to say
there isn't a sight to equal it in all England, nor
on any of the continents—no, nor at the Exhibi-
tion.

The chimney you see through the trees be-
longs to Mrs. Beresford's room at the Hall. It
hasn't smoked since she died. Mr. Beresford
forbade it. I don't see much of the Hall, ex-
cept when it goes once a fortnight to market at
Barton Common, three-quarters of a mile
straight through the wood, and then turn to your
left. The Rectory crosses much oftener. Stand
just where you are and put your head to
one side, and you'll observe a red-tiled house—
that's it.

Little Miss Eleanor used to run down from
the Hall with her dolls, and beg me to lift her
into the boat and tell her a story. I had only
two stories I could tell; one was "Tom the
Tavern-keeper and his Daughter Jane," and the
other, "Margery the Tramp." She liked the
first best, and whenever I came to "So little
Jane straightway put the shilling in her pocket
and ran away home," she clapped her hands
and begged to hear it over again. But one day,
just as I was going to begin, "John Parsons,"
said she, drawing herself up, "nurse says you're
a vulgar man, and tell vulgar stories, and I'm
not to listen to them again. They aren't fit for
a little lady like me."

On Sundays, Miss Eleanor came down with-
out her dolls. I used to tuck her white frock
round her, that she might not dirty it, and give
her my coat to sit upon. She was always full
of news: what sash she wore at church, and
how Master Hugh made faces at her. Then she
would grow suddenly serious. "Shall I tell
you about the book I've been reading, John
Parsons?" she said. "It's a Sunday book."
And she bent forward with her chin on her
hand, and looked gravely at me. I remember
what she said, word for word.

"There's a river, John Parsons," she began,
"like this river, only it's called the River of
Death. And there on that bank"—she pointed

to it with her little hand—"there's a valley so
dark that it's called the Valley of the Shadow
of Death. But," she added solemnly, shaking
her head, "there's no ferry to take you across
—no ferryman like John Parsons to row you
over to the other side."

By degrees Miss Eleanor came less frequently.
I missed her dreadfully, and looked out for her
dress through the trees.

"Mrs. Parker," said I one day to the lady's-
maid—she was a hard woman to speak to—"is
your young lady ill, that she never comes down
to the ferry?"

"John Parsons," answered she, sharply,
"you're a fool. Do you think it likely that
Miss Eleanor will be allowed to talk to the
ferryman? What manners and education
would she gain by it, do you suppose? You
forget the difference of station."

"So, ma'am," said I, "I mustn't hope to see
Miss Eleanor again?"

"Why," answered she, "I don't say she
won't run down on a holiday to shake hands
with you. But it was only yesterday her papa
punished her for crying about it, and was very
angry with me for allowing her to come so
often."

"John Parsons," said I to myself, as soon as
Mrs. Parker's long skirt had disappeared, "you
are a fool, and there's no doubt of it. It wasn't
your place to love little Miss Eleanor. You did
forget the difference of station."

I tried my best not to watch for her; but for
all that I felt I had lost her, and it was a great
loss to me. Every now and then I heard of her
through the servants. She had a new govern-
ess, and was looking rather pale; Master
Hugh from the Rectory rode with her; she
was going to school. The next news was, she
was gone. The difference of station was a
hard thing to bear, for she never came down
to bid me good-by.

Three months after I was smoking my pipe
with Jim Slaughters, when I heard her merry
laugh, and there she stood on the bank. She
had grown a little, and her frock was longer;
but her blue eyes were just the same, and her
voice as sweet.

"I couldn't help running to see you, John
Parsons," she said; "but I mustn't stay. Hadn't
we pleasant days together? Little Jane will
always come into my head when I'm doing my
sums. I've forgotten the bit after 'a pint of
beer for dad, please.' Some day, I'll beg papa
to let me come down to hear it. Good-by, dear
John Parsons."

"Good-by, Miss Eleanor," said I, and she was
gone. Presently her face peeped out from
among the bushes. "When I'm grown up,"
she said, raising her voice, "and may do just
as I please, nobody shall prevent me from com-
ing down to the ferry."

Her words made me happy for days, and
weeks, and months. I went over them and
over them. After that she and Mr. Beresford
left for foreign parts, and the Hall was shut up.
It was years before they returned. I was told
I would not recognize Miss Eleanor, she had
grown into such a beautiful young lady. It set
me puzzling what the difference could be that
would prevent me knowing her.

On one hot afternoon, when the flies were
dreadful, down came Master Hugh, and signed
to me to take him over. He looked paler than
usual, and leaned his elbow on his knee, and
his head on his hand, and kept his eyes fixed
on the ground. Suddenly he caught sight of
the rose in his buttonhole, and seizing it he
tore it to pieces, and threw it into the water.
When we reached the other side, he sprang out
of the boat without a "Good-morning, John
Parsons;" so I saw there was something wrong.
As I watched him through the trees I was start-
led by Miss Eleanor's voice.

"Take me across, quick, John Parsons—
quick!"

There she stood, but not the same Miss
Eleanor—some one quite different. When I
looked into her eyes I could not understand
them. She had got beyond my reach. I could
scarcely get her to keep still a moment in the
boat.

"Do you see him, John Parsons?" she asked,
eagerly. "Is it long since he passed?"

"Not ten minutes, miss," said I.

I lifted her out, and she ran as fast as she
could along the path, catching her dress in the
bushes. I think I heard her call as I sat in my
boat.

"God help you, Miss Eleanor," said I, "for I
can't," and I thought it would be no imperti-
nence to ask him to interfere. It was not
twenty minutes before she returned, looking
pale and sad. When she reached the water's
edge she sank down in the long grass, and, in
spite of the difference of station, burst out
with—

"Oh, John Parsons! I've sent him away, and
I shall never, never, never see him again!"
I was all in a tremble.

"And why, Miss Eleanor?" I asked.

"Don't ask me why," said she, quickly. "I
daren't ask myself why. It's just that which
makes it unendurable."

She was silent, and I was silent also, watching
her crouching on the ground. It was dreadful
to see her unhappy. Her face was pitifully
white when she raised it.

"Please, John Parsons," she said, slowly,
"take me back."

So I lifted her carefully, as I used to do, into
the boat; folded her white dress round her, as
I used to do, not to dirty it, and placed my coat
on the seat. All the time I was wishing I could
not only take her back to the Hall, but back
through the years to the happy days that were
gone. As I helped her out of the boat, "Do
you think, miss," said I, "you're able to get
home alone?"

"If I can't," answered she, wearily, "I must
learn; for I'll always be alone now, John Par-
sons."

The same evening Mrs. Parker came down all
in a hurry.

"It's the last time I'll do it," she said, "for
it's as much as my place is worth; but Miss

Eleanor begged and prayed so hard, that I
really couldn't refuse her. Do you see this,
John Parsons?" And she handed me a note.
"If you want Miss Eleanor to have a wink of
sleep to-night, go quickly to Barton Common
and give it to Master Hugh. He'll be at The
Eagle or Golden Heart. He leaves to-morrow
morning, so it must be delivered to-night. How
soon can you start?"

I whistled before I answered her.
"You see that man behind the pailings,
ma'am?" said I. "That's Jim. When he comes
within earshot I'm off."

"You needn't bring the answer to the Hall,"
continued Mrs. Parker, with a wink. "I'll tell
Miss Eleanor it's all right."

I started, leaving Jim in the boat, and in half
an hour reached Barton Common. The Golden
Heart was an old place, surrounded by green.

"Mr. Hugh Charters," I was told, "first
floor, turn to the left, No. 28."

When I knocked at the door I scarcely re-
cognized his voice. He was leaning against the
mantelpiece with his back to me, and he did
not turn round. I waited quietly. Presently
he seemed to feel there was some one besides
himself in the room.

"Why, John Parsons!" exclaimed he, sur-
prised, "what do you want with me?"
I came forward and handed him the note.

"From the Hall, sir," said I.

He stepped to the window with it, for the
room was very dark, and held it close up to his
eyes. Suddenly his face changed, and turning
quickly, he threw the letter at my feet un-
opened.

"Take it back!" he said, angrily. "I will
not receive it."

I was too astonished to do anything but
stare. Master Hugh was generally so gentle.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

I stooped to pick it up.

"And Miss Eleanor," faltered I, "if she
asks—"

He crossed the room and stood erect before
me. The lamp in the passage lighted his face,
and his eyes flashed.

"Tell her," he said, slowly, "that I receive
no such notes."

So saying, he thrust me out of the room,
and slammed the door behind me. I went
down the stairs, along the common, through
the wood, all in a maze. When I reached the
ferry, I peered into the dark trees to see if
Miss Eleanor was there. For the first time in
my life I wished I might not catch a glimpse of
her dress; for the first time I heartily hoped
she would not come. The letter lay in my
pocket like a dead weight.

All the next day I was in fear of her, but she
never appeared. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
passed, and I did not see her. At length I
heard she was ill, and had not left her bed
since Saturday; that Mr. Beresford was in a
great way, and had sent to Hartley for a doctor.
The same evening I was startled by a message
that I was wanted at the Hall, and must go up
immediately. It was the first time in my life I
had ever been wanted there.

I went at once, without even changing my
coat. At the foot of the stairs Mr. Beresford
met me. He looked quite kindly at me.

"Take off your boots, John Parsons," he
said, "and go very quietly up to Miss Beres-
ford's room. She wants to speak to you."

I did not at first know who he meant by Miss
Beresford. My gray worsted stockings looked
very shabby as my feet sank in the soft-carpeted
steps. On the first landing there was a room
full of flowers. All round I saw pillars, and
pictures, and glass, so unlike my ferry. Every-
thing reminded me of the awful difference of
station. Mrs. Parker was quite right when she
said I was not fit company for Miss Eleanor—
Miss Beresford, I mean. But when I went
into her room I forgot everything, looking at
her face. She put out her hand to me at once.
"Oh, John Parsons," she said, "I'm so glad
it's you! I've been longing to see you. Did
you give him the letter?"

"Yes, miss," I answered; and I could not
help being afraid lest it should straightway
start out of my pocket, and show itself.

"Tell me," said Miss Eleanor, bending eagerly
forward, and fixing her great eyes upon me,
"what did he say? When he took it, what did
he say?"

"Good Lord of heaven!" said I to myself,
"how's a man to keep from telling a lie, when
he won't tell the truth?"

"Tell me," continued Miss Eleanor in the
same tone, "when he read it, what did he
say? You saw his face. Did he kiss it?
Didn't he once whisper, 'Poor Eleanor!'"

"Gracious Lord of heaven!" repeated I to
myself, "how's a man to keep from telling a
lie, when he can't tell the truth?"

Her eyes seemed to look me through and
through. I was afraid of them.

"Why don't you speak, John Parsons?"
asked she at last.

"Miss Eleanor," said I, put to it, "the room
was very dark, for attendance isn't good at The
Golden Heart. It would have needed cat's
eyes to have made out the biggest print; but I
placed the letter into Master Hugh's hands, I
can say that."

Miss Eleanor fell back on the pillow, with a
dreadfully disappointed face.

"Then, John Parsons," she whispered, "you
mean you've nothing to tell me—no news to
give me—no comfort—not a word?"

The big tears that trembled in her eyes
rolled over, one by one. As I watched them
running slowly down her cheeks, it needed all
the courage I possessed in me to say "No." And
I don't believe, John Parsons, were you at
any time in like circumstances, however much
put to it, you could have said "No" again.

She turned her head to the wall, and lay
quite still. I heard a little sob. Then she
stretched out her hand.

"Thank you, John Parsons," she said;
"that'll do. You may go."

So I left the room, and passing down the
grand staircase, forgot my shabby coat and

gray worsted stockings. The difference of sta-
tion did not strike me the same as when I went
up. The letter in my pocket thumped against
my heart like a crime. Some way or other I
was determined to get rid of it.

I heard from the butler that Master Hugh
had gone, and was not expected home for
months. When I asked where, he said, "To
the Pyramids." But that did not help me
much.

It was a bold thing to do—I resolved to write
to him and send him Miss Eleanor's letter. I
couldn't have slept with it in the house. I was
not sure that the post would take my letter at
all, still less sure that Master Hugh would read
it. I had not held a pen in my hand since I
covered the page of a copybook with "Perse-
verance" at Barton school, so I found it did
not come natural to me to write. The pen
wanted to go one way, and I another, and the
ink seemed to quarrel with us both. Neither
did the spelling come anyway natural. When
I had put down the words, they didn't look at
all what I meant. After five copies—and it
was very hot work—I got one pretty tolerable.
It was this:

"Mister Hugh, I John Parsons Ferryman Bar-
ton and yours Umblly, ope you'll receive this
without displeasure. I couldn't Face Miss Elea-
nor agen with It in my poket, I couldn't say
what you saide to me. No, sir not with Them
eyes. Please, don't send It back to me. Miss
Eleanor asks aials for you. Exqeuse the Lib-
ertie Agen Umblly yours, I John Parsons."

I took it to the post-office myself. The Di-
rectory, I knew, was the place to look for ad-
dresses; but that, along with the Pyramids,
was beyond me. So I just wrote "Mister Hugh
Charters," and handed it over to the postmas-
ter, who was a friend, I having ferried him
across since he wore buttons.

For months I heard nothing, and could only
trust in the two post-offices at Barton and at
the Pyramids. Miss Eleanor recovered slowly,
and went for a change of air to an aunt in
Scotland. Before she left, she sent me a woollen
comforter and a note. In it she said she
had made it herself, to keep my throat warm
in cold weather. Fancy her thinking of my
throat—me, a ferryman! I always wore it—
mild and chilly, dry and damp days. When I
tied it round my neck of a morning, I thought
of her; and when I undid it at night, again I
thought of her; and very generally through-
out the day I thought of her. The months creep
on at a ferry about as fast as they do elsewhere,
and at last Master Hugh came home. I saw
him several times, but he did not mention the
letter, nor did I; for I was rather uneasy about
the three-syllabled words. He seemed to have
forgotten Miss Eleanor altogether, for he never
spoke of her.

One day I found his book in the damp grass,
where he had left it all night. It belonged to
the Hall, for there was an "E. B." on the first
page. Beside it lay a small glove. I picked it
up. It was Miss Eleanor's. I showed them
both to Master Hugh when he came down later
in the day.

"Sir," said I, "Mr. Beresford is to be back
on Thursday. Shall I take them up to the Hall
to-day, and give them to the butler?"

"No," said he, quickly, and I thought his
tone strange. "Leave them with me; I will
take charge of them."

About a week afterward, I was dozing in the
boat, with my coat over my head, being well-
nigh driven crazy with the flies, and Master
Hugh stretched under the elm tree reading,
when I heard him start suddenly to his feet. I
looked up. There stood Miss Eleanor on the
opposite bank, with her hat full of flowers.
She looked straight across at him, and then
grew very red. The river was not so wide that
they could not hear each other speak across it.

"It's a long time," said she, "since I have
seen you, Mr. Charters."

"A long time, Miss Beresford," said he.
I stared from one to the other. Bless me!
Was it possible? They had forgot each other's
names.

"So long," said she presently, playing nerv-
ously with the flowers—"so long, that I can
scarcely believe there is only the river between us."

"If it is so," returned he, "the river has
widened strangely since we last met. Certain
words, like certain June days, are difficult to
be forgotten."

Miss Eleanor's face flushed, and she turned
quickly away.

"And," she added, in a low voice, "difficult
to be forgiven." Then, after a few moments'
silence, she asked, "But are they too difficult
to be forgiven?"

Master Hugh had torn the leaf he held in his
hand in small pieces, and tossed the last frag-
ment into the stream. His eyes were down.
Miss Eleanor half turned.

"Do you say," repeated she, slowly, "they
are too difficult to be forgiven?"

"I wish," answered Master Hugh, raising his
voice—"I wish it was half as easy to forget as
to forgive, Miss Beresford; the word is utterly
inappropriate."

I could stand it no longer. "Bless my soul!"
said I to myself, "what's got into them? I
didn't believe it possible. They've forgotten
each other's names!"

"Why," cried I, all of a sudden, interfering
in a shockingly bold manner, "why—Master
Hugh! and Miss Eleanor!"

She turned at the words, and gave him such
a look—like a prayer! Even her hands
seemed to pray. Master Hugh stepped for-
ward to the edge of the water.

"Take me across—quick, John Parsons—
quick!" said he, all at once.

"No," said Miss Eleanor, in a low voice.

"Take me, John Parsons—me first."

"Your pardon, Master Hugh," said I, making
for the bank, "but you know, sir, ladies come
first, and Miss Eleanor first of all."

When we reached the other side, he took

both her hands. I was glad to see I hadn't reminded them for nothing.

"Oh, Eleanor," said he, earnestly, "is it really you? And not even the river between us?"

"No, Hugh," whispered she. "Not even the river between us."

"Bless my soul!" said I again to myself, for I could not see the drift of it. But they seemed to understand each other very well, and did not look at all puzzled, as I was. Judging by eyes—and there's nothing like eyes to judge from—it was all right; more right, indeed, than it had been for months. Miss Eleanor's eyes did sparkle so!

"God bless 'em!" said I, as I sat in my boat and watched them go into the wood together.

"And again, God bless 'em!"

Then I took to thinking, with my pipe and the flies; but whenever I got into the middle of a good thought, began dozing and forgot the end. It was a long time before they returned.

"All right," said I to myself, "judging by eyes. Perfectly right—couldn't be right."

And I gave a low whistle, for by that time I had come to the end of the matter.

"Wish us joy!" said Miss Eleanor, merrily.

"John Parsons, you must wish me joy!"

"Always did, Miss Eleanor," I answered.

"Can't recollect the time that I didn't."

"But," answered she, laughing, "you must wish me more joy now—much more!"

I stopped to take the pipe out of my mouth, and shook my head.

"Couldn't, Miss Eleanor," said I. "That would be impossible."

"Then," said Master Hugh, "what do you say to me? Can't you spare me any good wishes?"

"Sir," said I, "I don't see what use they would be, seeing that you've got the very best that's to be had by wishing."

"And thanks to you, John Parsons!" said they both—"all thanks to you! Without you, the river would always have been between us."

Just think of that! Bless my soul, sir! that night I don't believe you could have found a happier man in all England than I, John Parsons, ferryman.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE, AT LEXINGTON, VA.

THE funeral of the great Confederate chief, Robert Edward Lee, which took place in the little village of Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia, on Saturday, October 15th, was accompanied with imposing ceremonies and extravagant demonstrations of grief. Delegations from the Richmond Common Council and the Legislature of Virginia arrived the Friday evening previous, to take part in the procession the day following. The various hotels, churches, public buildings, and the *Gazette* office, were draped in mourning. All the flags were draped in mourning and raised at half-mast. Bells were tolled and minute-guns fired during the moving of the procession, which formed into line at eleven o'clock, headed by Professor White, of Washington College, Chief Marshal, aided by twenty assistant marshals, in front of the deceased chieftain's private residence, which was thronged with personal friends and relatives, among them a number of ladies, whose tears bore mute testimony to the eloquence of their grief.

The coffin which contained the honored remains was decorated profusely with immortelles and garlands of flowers—the last tribute of respect from the ladies of Lexington to one they loved and esteemed.

The procession moved down Washington street and up Jefferson street to Franklin Hall, thence to Main street, where it was joined in front of the hotel by the dignitaries of the State of Virginia, and other representative bodies in their order, and by the organized body of the citizens in front of the Court House. The procession then moved by the road to the Virginia Military Institute, where it was joined by visitors, and the faculty and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute in their respective places. The cortege was closed by the students of Washington College as a guard of honor, and then moved up through the institute and college grounds to the chapel. (A good idea of this scene may be obtained by reference to the large page engraving which accompanies this number.) Here the column halted, and the cadets of the Institute and those of Washington College marched through the college chapel, passed the remains, and drew up in two bodies on the south side of the chapel.

The obsequies were imposing. The burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Dr. Pendleton. No sermon was preached, it having been the desire of General Lee that there should be none.

After the funeral services in the chapel, the body was borne to the vault prepared for its reception, and the communion services were read by the chaplain from the bank on the southern side of the chapel in front of the vault. The cortege then passed through the library in double file to where General Lee is entombed, and took a last look at the remains, which repose for the present in a brick vault built under the floor of the college chapel, and the ceremonies were concluded. The marble slab which covers it bears this simple inscription upon its face:

* In various encyclopedias the deceased is called Robert Edmund Lee. The faculty of the college of which he was president were under the impression that the second name was correctly given, but in conversation with Mrs. R. E. Lee about the inscription that should be cut in the marble slab that was to be placed over the tomb in the library, she stated that the name was Robert Edward. The mistake as to the proper spelling of the second name probably originated in the newspaper press.

GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
BORN JANUARY 9, 1807.
DIED OCTOBER 12, 1870.

On our front page will be found an illustration of the scene which took place in the chapel prior to the lowering of the remains in the tomb beneath forever. All pressed forward, men, women and children, to take one last, long look at the face—that face which had been to them as a pillar of fire by night, and a cloud by day, during the long, weary days of the rebellion—and then retired, fearing to stay longer, lest their self-possession should give way.

The name of the college has been changed to that of Washington-Lee College by the faculty at a formal sitting, by which name it will henceforth be known.

The gloomy faces, the comparative silence, the badges and emblems of mourning that everywhere met the eye, and the noiseless, strict decorum which was observed, told how universal and deep were the love and veneration of the people for the illustrious dead. Every one uniformly and religiously wore the emblematic crape, even to the women and children, who were crowding to the college chapel with wreaths of flowers fringed with mourning. All sorrowfully and religiously paid their last tributes of respect and affection to the great dead, and none there were who did not feel a just pride in the sad offices.

THE CAMP IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

THE following description of what a correspondent saw in the Champ de Mars will be interesting: There were probably eight or ten thousand men under canvas there. They consisted almost entirely of young lads, utterly undisciplined, and undergoing the earlier stages of recruit drill. Their clothing had but lately been issued to them, and they wore it as yet awkwardly. Among them were reinforcements belonging to the 8th, 10th, 14th, 35th, 38th, 46th, 68th, 88th, and 97th Regiments of the Line—those of each corps occupying their specified portion of the general camp, the men being drilled in front of their own regimental tents. The form of the general camp was determined by that of the Champ itself, its front facing the Seine. Two wide streets extended direct from front to rear, the *tentes d'abri* being arranged in double rows on each side, one row opening to the flank, and the other inward, but by no means regularly or neatly pitched. There was certainly some slight attempt at order, but evidently of a poor kind; tents of various sizes, some capable of containing only two men, others of accommodating six, were placed indifferently. Altogether, the impression conveyed by the appearance of the camp was that it looked like a cross between that of a series of sepooy regiments and one of itinerant gipsies. In each tent was a good quantity of straw, on which the occupants slept at night. At the entrance such of the soldiers as were not at drill were occupied in cleaning their sword-bayonets and Chassepot rifles, for none of their other equipments looked as if they were meant to be cleaned or had ever undergone that process.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., at about 11:20 A. M., an earthquake manifested itself in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, as it also did, with more or less force, throughout the New England, the Middle and the Western States and Canada; but, so far as has been ascertained, without proving productive of injury to person or property. In the city of New York the earth vibrated rapidly. South of the City Hall the shock was not particularly noticed, while north of Chambers street it was, at many points—in the Sixth Ward especially—quite perceptible, the oscillations being so rapid as to stop, in several instances, the pendulums of clocks hung up in buildings. In our own establishment the perturbations were exceedingly violent. The chandelier in Mr. Leslie's private office, where at the time several gentlemen were engaged in transacting business, began to tremble, the pendent crystals thereto vibrating rapidly for several moments, giving out a clear, musical sound, as if they had been gently and simultaneously touched with a rod. While the crystals were chiming and the chandelier itself swinging to and fro, a vibratory motion was felt throughout the building, which rapidly increased, and became so intensified that those employed on the different floors were greatly alarmed, and, fully persuaded that the superstructure was about to fall, ran, some upon the roof of an adjoining building, and others pell-mell down the stairway to the street, where, hatless and coatless, they stood, the rain falling slightly, expecting every moment to see the tall and spacious structure crumble into a vast mass of debris at their feet. Up to this time no one had the slightest suspicion that New York had been visited by an earthquake. When, however, the same peculiar vibratory sensation was experienced in other and distant parts of the city, it occurred to all that the strange experiences, the rocking to and fro of buildings, and the oscillatory movements of clocks and light articles of furniture, were caused by a visitor as strange as had it been a little more violent, it would have proved terrible to thousands of the inhabitants. While the buildings on Pearl street, near Elm, were thus visited, the tower of the New York Lead Company—a superstructure of about two hundred feet altitude—was seen to sway backward and forward several times, the distance of the perturbation at the top thereof not being less than two feet. Further on, in a northeasterly direction, the same vibratory movement

was experienced. A number of houses in Division street were made to tremble, and a tenement-house in East Broadway (No. 114) was visited by six shocks, each so heavy that tables and chairs were thrown about the rooms, and a woman standing near a window in an upper story would have been pitched into the street and dashed to pieces had she not instinctively seized the sill and held firmly to it until she was assisted from her dangerous position. A man in the same building was thrown upon the floor. Shocks were sensibly felt in tenement-houses in streets adjoining Chatham square. A house on the corner of Division and Catherine streets was cracked entirely down the side, gaping open almost an inch, and glasses and bottles were thrown from the side-board and broken at the restaurant No. 15 East Broadway. The vibrations extended from Chatham square to Bleeker street, and thence toward the East river. The sensation was invariably described as similar to that of dizziness or congestion of the brain. Many incidents might be named as having occurred in the upper districts of the city; but as they would not prove of interest to our readers, being mere repetitions of stories of alarm in houses crowded with working-people or tenants, we omit mentioning them. At Lord & Taylor's, on Grand street, two shocks were felt, each of about ten seconds' duration. On the fourth floor, in the rear, where the women were at work, considerable excitement was occasioned. One woman, in her confusion, ran to a window, and jumped a distance of about ten feet to the roof of an adjoining shed, receiving, however, no serious injury. Another woman fainted four times in succession. No shock was felt on the first or second stories, but on the third men were unable to write, and some were unable to stand. One gentleman, who had been making a purchase, and was waiting for his change, ran from the third floor to the street, and would not re-enter the building. The clock hanging on the wall in the rear building was stopped at exactly 11:12.

In the public school on Fourteenth street, near Second avenue, there were twelve hundred children. The scenes in the different class-rooms were pitiful. Children were screaming and rushing to and fro in the wildest manner; but in a very short time the whole number, teachers and pupils, were marched out of the school-building into the street. Our engraving represents the scholars in Grammar School No. 19, also situated on East Fourteenth street, passing down the grand stairway to the vestibule, and thence into the street. The alarm was not so severe among the children as at the first-named school, but they barely escaped a serious panic. The principal, who was seated at his desk in the boys' department at the time, perceiving that the house was shaking, at once ordered the children to leave, which they did without ceremony. A messenger was at the same time sent to the girls' department, requesting the principal to dismiss the girls at once. They went into the street without any idea of the cause of their dismissal, leaving cloaks and hats behind.

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AT WOERTH.

AFTER the battle near Weissenburg on the 4th of August, where the French were beaten by the Germans, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, in command of the victorious army, followed the retreating Frenchmen till near Woerth, where MacMahon's army joined the fugitives and offered battle to the Germans. This battle commenced early in the morning of the 6th of August, and lasted until night, when the French retired in great confusion. MacMahon's loss on this and the following day is estimated to be about twenty thousand, killed and wounded, while the Germans lost only four thousand men. The Crown-Prince of Prussia was in command of the German army at Woerth. Our illustration on page 120 shows him and his staff directing the pursuit by cavalry of the retreating Frenchmen.

THE GERMAN FAIR.

ON the evening of Monday, 17th inst., the German residents in this city and Brooklyn, through a committee of management previously selected, opened a grand fair, the proceeds from which are to be devoted to the relief of the wounded and suffering within the German lines. The exposition from the commencement was expected to be a great success, and such it has proved—even beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Before the doors were opened to the public more than six thousand season tickets had been sold and upward of two thousand five hundred single ones disposed of, making the receipts from this source alone \$13,000.

The scene on the opening night was one of exceeding beauty and gaiety. The entrance to the hall was rendered bright as day by a double row of gas jets, while inside the building all was life, gaiety, and brightness. The dense crowd of well-dressed men and women, the music of the fine orchestra, and the tempting display of knick-knacks upon tables presided over by the fair daughters of Germany, contributed to make up a whole which, for brilliancy, it would be difficult to surpass. Those who were present represented the wealthiest German families of the metropolis, and the number of Americans also present was remarked. At half-past eight o'clock Dr. J. Boesing, Consul-General of the North German Confederation, accompanied by the members of the committee of arrangements, ascended the platform, and after thanking the American residents of this city for the aid they had extended to the German element, declared the fair formally opened. He then introduced William Cullen Bryant, who was received with marked applause. Mr. Bryant addressed the assemblage in words as forcible as they were rhetorically arranged, in which he

deplored the existence of the war between France and Prussia, and trusted, for humanity's sake, that it would soon be brought to a close. Dr. Kracowitzer then delivered an address in German, after which the combined chorus of the Liederkrans and Arion sang "My Fatherland." The bazar, which is very prettily arranged and assiduously attended by German ladies, whose beauty will favorably compare with those of the daughters of any other people, has been liberally patronized, and will probably realize before it is finally closed, on the 29th inst., upward of one hundred thousand dollars for the very worthy object its originators have in view—the relief of the wounded in battle, and of the sick and distressed within the boundaries of the Fatherland.

NEWS BREVITIES.

ALL the Paris fashion papers have suspended publication.

AMERICAN flags are now largely manufactured in Paris.

THE chills and burglars are devastating Americas, Ga.

THE Royal artillery of India has a new regulation cork helmet.

A NATIONAL library is being built at Salvador, in Central America.

CALIFORNIA has recently imported 5,000 chestnut trees from Japan.

A LITTLE boy was recently sent by express from Boston to Pittsburgh.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man burned his woods up, smoking a coon in a tree.

THEY have had only one case of yellow fever this year at Houston, Tex.

COMMERCE in the West Indies is paralyzed on account of the European war.

NEARLY every city of Europe has a charitable "home for consumptives."

A GOAT in Danbury, Conn., has been taken up and impounded for kidnapping.

CHROMO-PRINTING is said to have been practiced in China one thousand years ago.

A WHALE about sixty feet long was recently captured off Gloucester and sent to Boston.

A DRUNKEN husband at Chicago choked his wife to death the other night while in delirium tremens.

THE benevolent order of "Sons of Malta" is again flourishing in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

A PRUSSIAN HUSSAR officer has sent home an account of the battle of Sedan, written in ancient Sanscrit.

THE Erie Railroad extension, from Buffalo to Suspension Bridge, will be finished by the middle of November.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Louisiana to induce white farm laborers to emigrate into that State from Canada.

A FORTUNATE lady, now a resident of Lee County, Ill., has fallen heir to an estate in Scotland worth \$2,500,000.

BAVARIA has sent to the army a battery of new mitrailleuses of Bavarian invention. It fires 350 bullets per minute.

THE school-fund apportioned to each county in Indiana, for the present month, amounts in the aggregate to \$315,344.89.

FARMERS in the neighborhood of Titusville, Pa., report the woods unusually full of wild game this fall. The deer are fat.

THE word caterpillar was spelled seventeen different ways by sixty teachers at a recent examination in Penobscot County, Me.

A SOCIETY has been organized at Baltimore for the protection of wild fowl on the rivers of Maryland from wholesale slaughter.

ONE hundred Chinese are to be added to the population of the city of Oswego in the spring, to be employed as wharf laborers.

IT is proposed to erect a new hotel in Easton, Pa., on a large scale, \$45,000 having already been subscribed for that purpose.

SEVERAL boys who had been sent South by an agent in Massachusetts, were recently found in a destitute condition at New Orleans.

PASSENGERS and baggage from New Orleans to Houston, Tex., are quarantined for twenty-five days, by whatever route they arrive.

HUNDREDS of acres of cabbages in Pennsylvania have been eaten up by a new worm hatched from the eggs of the yellow butterfly.

OF the 3,000 employees in the treasury building at Washington, about 1,100 are women, several of whom hold first-class clerkships.

A COLORED planter at Hurricane Landing, Miss., has taken the \$500 prize for the best bale of long stapled cotton delivered at New Orleans.

THE neat thing in dog robes this season is to have the monogram in gilt upon the blanket. A dog without a monogram blanket is of no account.

A MARRIAGE took place recently in a town in Penobscot County, Me., the parties to which were aged respectively seventy-six and seventy-eight years.

THE Coplay post-office in Lehigh County, Pa., has been changed five times within the past year, between that point and Stemtown, Northampton County.

A CLEVER forger at the Pontiac (Mich.) Jail attempted to bribe his keeper last week with two bills he had altered from \$1 to \$100 each while confined in the prison.

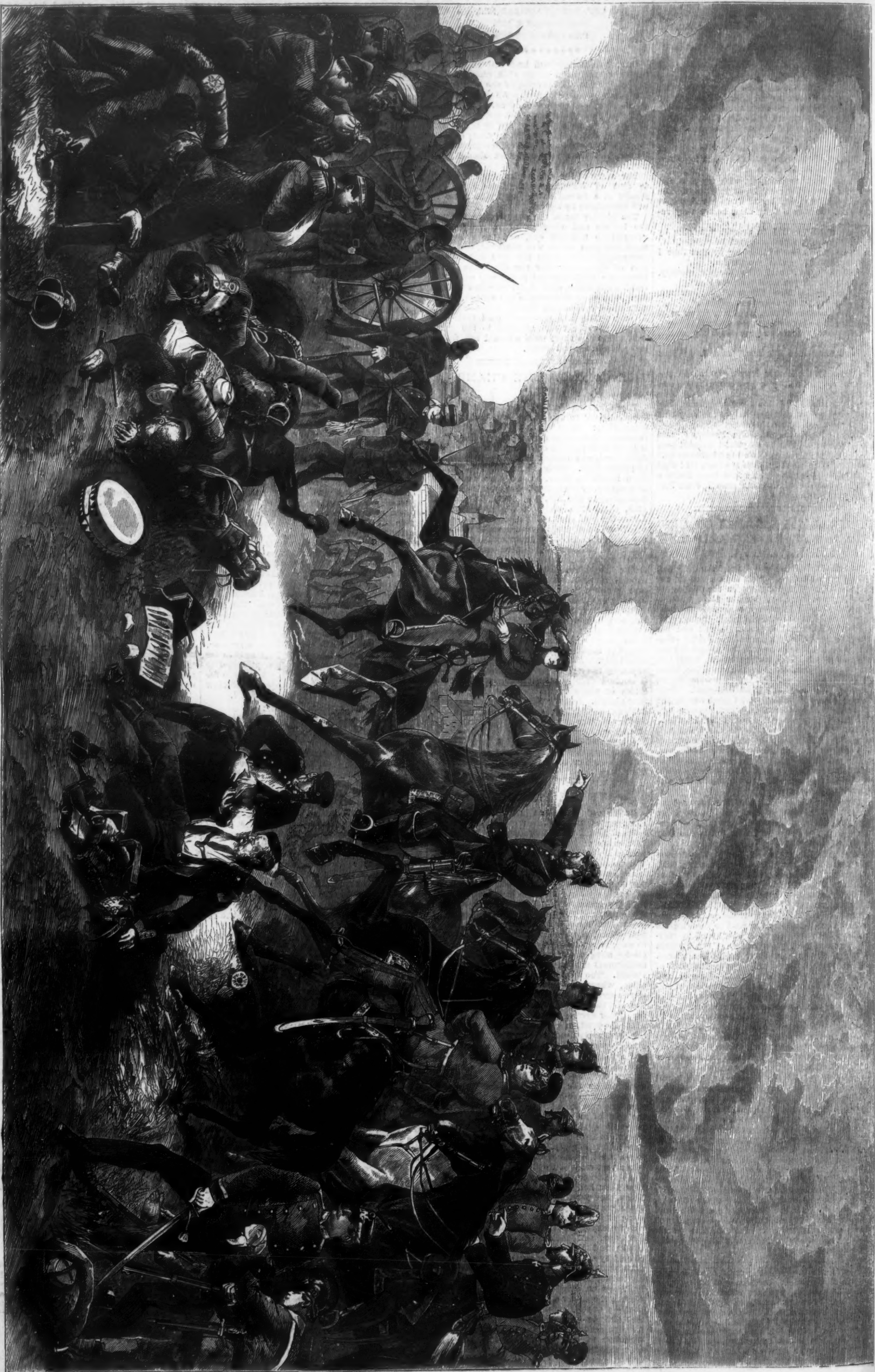
THE workmen in Trinity churchyard, Newport, R. I., have found, while making their excavations, an old piece of silver money bearing date 1683, and stamped Carolus II.

THE census of Mechanicsburgh, Cumberland County, Pa., places its population at 2,570. One of the inhabitants, a colored woman, is set down at the remarkable age of one hundred and eight years.

SWEDES who emigrated to other places in the United States are seeking homes in the new colony of New Sweden, Me. Another installment of emigrants is expected this fall, and more in the spring.

THE "Flower Mission" of Boston, originated by two little girls, has, during the past season, made many poor and sick persons happier, and, doubtless, in many instances better, by carrying to them 11,000 bouquets and 1,800 pond lilies.

FRANCE.—THE CROWN-PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, SURROUNDED BY HIS STAFF, ORDERING THE PRUSSIAN CAVALRY TO PURSUE THE FUGITIVE FRENCH OF MACMAHON'S ARMY, AT THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF WERTH, FOUGHT AUGUST 6, 1870.—See Page 119.



NEW YORK CITY—THE GERMAN FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WOUNDED AND SUFFERING WITHIN THE GERMAN LINES, NOW OPEN AT THE ARMOY OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT, BROADWAY, BETWEEN THIRTY-SIXTH AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREETS.—SEE PAGE 119.



DEATH AND LOVE.

We stood in the churchyard side by side;
There was light in the summer sky:
"Oh, mock us not, Death!" we gayly cried.
"We have far too much life to die."
We heard the lark who sang to the dead,
High up in the gracious sky:
"We'll wrestle with you, O Death!" we
said,
"And brave you; we will not die."
The bells in the belfry gayly rang,
And the wind touched and passed us by:
"In life there are tears, not Death!" we
sang;
"No, Death! we will not die."
"But there's life in Love: O Love!" I
sighed.
"There is life in your deathless eye:
Have I not hold of your hand?" I cried;
"You must love me too much to die."
The leaves at our feet are brown and red;
In the wind we caught a sigh:
"O Love and life, thou art sweet," we said,
And we knew not that Death was by.
The leaves at my feet were brown and red:
"Oh, why are you silent?" I cried;
"And where is your hand, dear Love?" I
said—
There was no one by my side!

THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE HATHER-
LEIGHS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"MRS. HATHERLEIGH," said Ralph, as he paced the stately room with a hurried step, "I am not come to ask for kindness from you—the time for that is past—I am come only to tell you my resolve."
"I am ready to hear it," she answered in a low sad tone; "but I tell you, before you speak, that you make it blindly, and you would do better to tell it to your mother than to me."
"It concerns you, madame," said Ralph, steadily; "therefore I make it known to you. All my life long you have rejected her and me; I am come to tell you now, that we reject you, and Hatherleigh. I will not receive through a plot an estate which is mine by inheritance. To-morrow I quit Coryton forever with my mother and Mr. Spence."
"And has she consented to this?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "Is she cruel, then, and unnatural to the last?"
Ralph could ill bear this.
"I think you might respect my mother's grief," he retorted. "And as for cruelty, who has been so cruel as you, Mrs. Hatherleigh?"
"I am alone, sir," she returned, and her fair worn face flushed. "My husband and my son are dead; you can say what you will."
Ralph grew pale now, and throwing himself into a chair, he leant his forehead on his hand and remained a moment silent. When he looked up, it was easy to see he had nerved himself to utter words that tore his heart open.
"I have no wish to insult my father's mother," he said; "but you have given me a bitter right to complain of your cruelty. In my loneliness and bitterness—for I own I had grown bitter—I found one whom I thought an angel, and I loved her. Mrs. Hatherleigh, this is the wrong you have done me, that out of all the world you chose this girl, whom I loved, for your favorite. Mrs. Hatherleigh, was there no other lady among the beautiful and the noble whom you reckon as your friends, whom you might have chosen to play this sad part? Could you fix on no other hand but the one I loved to stab me? Stop! I have not done yet. I own that Ethel Dalton is too pure and noble to be made the passive instrument of your pride and hatred. The loveliness of her nature is not all destroyed by the spell of fortune, or the temptation of rank you have put before her. But in this is the greatest wrong of all, that she feels her position of despoiler so acutely, that she has sacrificed herself to do me a poor justice. Not loving me, she has put her hand in mine and left me. But I would rather accept an offering made to Moloch than I would take Hatherleigh in such a way as this. And you were never so cruel as when you induced the woman I love to insult me by giving me her hand merely to endow me with her fortune."
He ceased, with his head still bent upon his hands, and his lips trembling. Except once, Mrs. Hatherleigh had not attempted to interrupt him, though she listened with her face paling to the hue of marble.
"Not loving you, I think you said," she observed after a moment's silence. "You are hard of belief indeed."
"I do not deny it," he answered. "A man less embittered, more generous-hearted than I, might not be so distrustful. He might even have borne to see the woman he had chosen from all others made the instrument to despoil and injure him, without feeling the wrong as I feel it."
"The wrong exists only in your own mind," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "Ethel has been generous throughout."
"Too generous," he retorted, scornfully; "and so eager to think meanly of me, that she could believe me willing to accept Hatherleigh and—her contempt."
"What can I do to make peace?" cried Mrs. Hatherleigh, clasping her hands tightly together.
"Nothing," said Ralph, proudly. "You have succeeded now in fulfilling the conditions of my grandfather's will, at the cost of my happiness, and the sacrifice of a generous woman's life. Well, do what you choose now; give Hatherleigh to her whose heart you have

marred; but do not think, and do not let her think, that I will touch the gift. As for the rest, if there is anything the law will let me do to free her from the dreadful sacrifice she has made, tell her I will do it."
"You are mad, sir!" cried Mrs. Hatherleigh; "mad and ungrateful!"
Ralph's pride could ill brook this.
"Mad," he said, "because I would willingly free an unhappy lady from a marriage hateful to her—a marriage into which she was entrapped by your plots; and ungrateful, because I will not accept from the daughter of Lewis Hartrow the inheritance of my fathers."
"Stay your words!" exclaimed Mrs. Hatherleigh, mournfully. "Sealed as my lips are by my promise to Ethel, I dare not let you go on, lest your repentance should be too bitter."
"I shall never repent of what is right," he answered. "If Ethel's own words are true, and she became my wife merely to restore to me my inheritance, then this home, once so dear, would seem to me like one of those offerings which had passed through the fire. It is bought with a life. I cannot touch it. And if she has married me for greed, to enrich herself, or to enable you to endow her with this ancient dwelling-place of an ancient race, I should equally resolve never to make a claim on her. Either way, I am bound to set her free, if I can, from a tie which is either a dreadful self-sacrifice, or worse still, a sacrifice to Mammon."
"And suppose it is neither?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh, steadily. "Suppose it is a marriage of inclination, entered into of her own free will?"
"Perhaps you mean those words kindly," said Ralph, flushing painfully, "but they are not kind. You cannot undo by a single supposition the doubt you have implanted between us. Ethel Dalton refused me just before my grandfather died, and I have had no reason to think that her heart has changed toward me since then. Doubtless she loves the man whom you intended her to marry."
"She refused him three years ago," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, dryly.
"And she went to London with him and his mother on the very day she so unhappily gave her hand to me," rejoined Ralph, growing white.
"She has gone to tend Lewis Hartrow," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "She has taken lodgings near the prison, and she is there with Mr. Dalton. She did but travel to town with the Corytons."
"May I ask how you know this?" asked Ralph.
"From Ethel herself," she replied.
There was a moment's silence; then Ralph, by an evident effort, spoke again.
"It matters little," he said. "This marriage is none the less a dishonor to me, and a wrong to her. Mrs. Hatherleigh, if you wish really to undo some of this misery, you will explain what happened to change my father's views. You will tell me why, when living, he implored me to stand firm even against my own heart, and yet, when dying, he put my hand in Ethel Dalton's."
"Have you asked this question of your mother?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh.
"No," he replied. "I ask it of you, Mrs. Hatherleigh, because I feel it was your influence that changed him."
"And I cannot answer you," she said, "while your mother lives."
This reply, and the feeling, long growing on him, that he was enveloped by a wall of mystery, behind which lay some slander touching his mother, roused a fire in his heart again.
"Living or dead, no tongue shall ever utter a word to me against my mother," he returned.
"We are all sparing you," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, wearily; "you and her."
These words aroused Ralph's anger as with a flame. He rose, and stood before her, white as death.
"At least you understand, now, that we want nothing of you—I and my mother," said Ralph. "I shall take her away from the very sight of this cruel roof. I leave you to all your triumph, Mrs. Hatherleigh. You have broken my mother's heart—you have robbed your grandson—you can enrich your favorite, the felon's daughter. I bid you farewell."
"Stop, young madman that you are!" cried the aged lady, rising also, and confronting him with flashing eyes. "You are more cruel to yourself than to me when you use such words as these. I will do you this mercy—I will not repeat them."
But her anger hindered Ralph's haste no more than a straw in his way. He turned his pale face toward her for one second, listening half courteously, half disdainfully; then he left her, and quitted Hatherleigh, as he thought, forever. Yet, as he strode hurriedly through the park, he felt sorry for his anger and his fierce words, and a mournful contrition came over his heart when he reached the wood, and looked down the glade where the wild rose-trees had scattered their autumn leaves thickly on the grass.
"Go away? Quit Coryton?" said Lina, dejectedly. "No, no, Ralph. Where I have withered, there I will die. And my father is happier here than he would be elsewhere. We will stay in our home."
"You may, mother, but I cannot," answered Ralph. "My position here is too humiliating, too bitter. I must go."
"But why?" asked Lina, querulously. "Mrs. Hatherleigh has bequeathed all she possesses to Ethel, and through her it will be yours."
"Mother, mother!" cried Ralph, "of what stuff do you think I am made that you can talk like this to me? Do you suppose I am so subject that I can take possession of Hatherleigh through a wife who is no wife, through a marriage which was a trick and a surprise? No; if I claim my inheritance, it shall be through my own legal rights, not through the right of robbery given me by such a marriage as this—a marriage which I feel to be a dishonor to myself, and a cruel wrong to the unhappy girl who—"

"But you love her, don't you?" interposed Lina, wearily.
"What if I do? It is only one misery the more for me," he cried, "and the hardest of all to bear."
"Where is the hardship?" said Lina, rousing herself from her listless misery to look at him with a kind of wonder. "Every one is trying to make you happy."
She said this to a blind man, who was beating his heart against a wall, in the thought that he was defending his mother.
"And even at the worst, if you never see Ethel again, you'll be a rich man," continued Lina, falling back again on her pillows, and hiding her wan face. "I've done my duty by you in helping to bring this marriage about."
"Mother, will you make me mad?" he cried, mournfully. "Will you explain why you did this? Will you explain why was I forced, by the prayers of a dying father, to take a wife whom only a few hours before he implored me never to take?"
"No, I can't, I can't," said Lina, with a deep shudder; "don't ask me."
She had grown to a very shadow in these few days since her husband died, and her face, in its covering of shawls, looked like a face in a dark shroud. Ralph did but glance at her a moment, with eyes full of deep pity and pain; then he turned away quickly.
"I will distress you no more," he said, "but heaven forbid I should ever touch riches to which I have no right."
"But you have a right through your wife," said Lina, and her hollow eyes tried to search his, but they were covered by his hand.
"Mother, mother, can't you see," he cried, shrilly, "what dishonor it would be to claim Hatherleigh through any other right than my own? My mother and my name are more to me than my father's lands; it is better to let them go than to purchase shame with them."
"But if you have the place through Ethel, people will not question why it is so," said Lina, and again her eyes were fixed on him anxiously. Her words made his nerves quiver as with pain.
"Not through her," he answered, quickly; "not through a wife who has taken me in contemptuous pity; not through a weak girl, who, without love, has been induced by stronger minds to put her hand in mine, perhaps to cover some sin, and save the family pride from shame."
As he spoke, Ralph saw his mother's wan face flush, and a look of agony and fear spring into her haggard eyes.
"Don't! don't!" she cried, painfully; "I cannot bear it." Then with a wild glance around she murmured as if to her husband, "Ralph! Ralph! say again you forgive me!"
"Hush, mother! I intreat you!" expostulated her son. "We will say no more—let it all pass. Can I do anything for you? Can I make your pillows more comfortable?"
He bent over her and kissed her; perhaps he left tears upon her cheek, but Lina was weeping for herself, and scarcely noted any tears but her own.
"What a meanness, what a dishonor these scheming women would thrust upon me!" thought Ralph, as he sat solitary in his room. "Shall I marry a girl for a day merely to get her money, and, seeing her face no more, leave her chained to a tie she hates? How can they think I would take Hatherleigh through such a base claim? If not mine by right, it shall not be mine by wrong; and least of all by wrong to a helpless girl, who has been a tool in the hands of others. They have made her play her part well."
The thought stung him, and starting up, he opened his window and looked out upon the night. The wind was blowing roughly, the rain falling fast, and over in the west the Tors stood up like black walls against a dark sky, in which faint flashes of lightning gleamed and vanished. But Ralph heeded neither wind nor rain; in the bewilderment of his mind he scarcely felt them.
"Why have they done this cruel thing? What does it mean?" he said. "Of whom can I ask an explanation? Not of Mrs. Hatherleigh, my mother's enemy; not of my mother herself. And what changed my father's mind so suddenly, that at his death he compelled me to accept conditions which, a few days before, he laid his commands on me never to accept? My mother cried out he had forgiven her."
Here he leant far out from the open window, and let the chill rain fall down upon his fevered face. Some dreadful thought pressing on him he drove away with hot hand clasped upon his brow.
"I have done well to renounce Hatherleigh. I have spoken rightly to that proud woman. There was no other way than this. She shall not justify all her pride and cruelty to my mother by forcing me to accept a baseness which I will never accept—a position which would stamp me as a coward indeed. What! shall I buy Hatherleigh with my mother's honor? No! I will defend it even at the loss of all happiness and peace. They shall not drive me to this baseness even for the sake of love."
He quailed a moment at the blankness of the life before him, and looked up despairingly at the blackening sky.
The sound of the old church clock at Coryton striking the first hour of the morning broke in upon his fierce meditations, and he closed his window against the wind and the rain, and sat down at his desk to write.
Just as the autumn daylight was breaking faintly, Lina started at the soft closing of her door, but seeing no one she slept again. Yet when she awoke in the glare of the white sun, she found this letter on her pillow:
"DEAR MOTHER—I would not give you the pain of parting, so I am gone without a farewell. I intend to leave England for two,

or perhaps three years. I will write to you again on the day I sail. You surely will see there is no course open to me but this. To remain here and yield to Mrs. Hatherleigh's schemes, would be tacitly to accept as just the position into which she has thrust you and myself. The hidden slander, beneath which we have lived so long, would then be outspoken, and your name and mine would be a by-word. To take Hatherleigh on such terms would be simply an infamy; therefore I renounce it at once and forever. A son would be vile indeed who could be bribed to aid his mother's slanderers, and Mrs. Hatherleigh has been most cruel to me in endowing the woman I love with my inheritance, and then making both the double bribe by which I was to be purchased into a silent acquiescence in her injustice to you."
Lina read thus far, and then fell back on her pillow with a wild scream. The dreadful thought which was driving Ralph into exile burst upon her mind for the first time, and filled her with horror. It was better to tell him the truth than to let him wander like a scapegoat to the wilderness with all her sins, real and unreal, on his head. She would call him back and confess the truth. It could not make him more wretched than he was, and it might make him happier. She sent messengers on every side to search for him, but gained no tidings; and then, in her despair, she dispatched his letter to Mrs. Hatherleigh, and telegraphed to Mr. Dalton and Ethel.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"EPHRAIM!" exclaimed Job, stopping suddenly in his walk; "Ephraim! there it is in big white letters, for all the world as if they were carved on a tombstone. And up here, too, among these oogy Seven Sisters, where the old catamaran himself is always trapezing up and down. Well, I believe sure 'nough 'tis time now I thoft a little on t' other world, when I see my son Ephraim's head-stone carved out for 'im before mine."
"If you think that a bad omen, suppose you carve your own, Mr. Byles," said Job's companion, who was no other than the quiet lodger at the post-office. "Here is another big piece of granite just the same shape as the one your son's name is on."
"A big piece of granite!" responded Job, with contempt. "Why, it's one of they Seven Sisters, and they was here afore granite was made."
So saying, Job sat down on the heath, and cut his name on the stone in deep letters, contemplating his work at last with a smile of satisfaction.
"That's better done than Ephraim's. I can beat out Nick, you see, in carving. But for all I've carved my name out upon a stone, I hope I shan't die yet awhile."
"I hope not," said the quiet man; "but you are a good age. You must speak soon, Mr. Byles, or perhaps that little secret you have promised to tell me will never be told at all. And how will you meet your Judge then?"
"It ain't he I'm afeared on," said Job, with a sort of contempt at the supposition being mentioned to him; "'tis th' ould fellow down below! He's the one, I reckon, that makes us shake when we think about 'un."
Job's religion was of an odd sort, but his new friend had evidently taken advantage of it to work upon the old trapper's fears, excited lately as they had been by Captain Hatherleigh's death, and the precarious condition of Mr. Spence. Ralph's sudden departure also had greatly affected him, as he was really fond of the young man, and proud of having taught him many a wrinkle in the noble arts of slaying, fishing, trapping, and baiting.
"You are quite right," said the quiet man, "in what you say, Mr. Byles. Don't you think this is a safe spot for a serious talk? Could you do better than clear your conscience at once?"
"Let's know what I shall get for it fust," remarked Job, compositely. "Conscience don't trouble sound sleepers; though, as I said afore, the ould catamaran does bring a bit of a quake across one's mind sometimes."
"I have already told you what you will gain, and what you will escape," said his friend. "Now let me tell you what you will lose by not speaking. To begin with: I shall find out the truth without your help, and get the reward myself; next, you will lose the aid and patronage of the Coryton family, with all your privileges of trapping and fishing; and, lastly, you will lose the satisfaction of punishing your rascally son, who, since he has become a gentleman, has bullied his sisters and ill-used his father."
"That's true," said Job, thoughtfully. "And I suppose, too, if I should hold my tongue, Mr. Ralph will never come back?"
"Never," said the man; "and your delightful son will enjoy the triumph of having ruined him. Moreover, you are keeping Lewis Hartrow in prison by your silence."
"That's a good thing," said Job, grinning; "that's just where a poacher should be. It ain't for his sake that I'm willing to undo what's done, but to please my lord and lady, that's all. I may so well be dead as vex they, and have my liberty took away to roam the woods and trap varmint."
And now, with a heavy sigh or two, Job made a confession, which will be related in its right place.
"What was the good," he said, in exculpation, "of a darn'd poacher being shut up only for a year or two? The thing was to get 'un out of the country altogether."
"But, Mr. Byles, what is a hare compared to a man's life and liberty?"
"When shall I be wanted up at the Hall?"
"Well, this is Tuesday," replied the other. "I think I can manage it all by Saturday. Say Saturday at twelve o'clock. Meanwhile let your son guess nothing."
"Never fear," returned Job. "Will Ephraim be there too?"

"Certainly he will be present."
The old trapper chuckled silently at this.
"I never thought to catch my son Ephrum in a net," he observed with a queer look in his sharp eye. "I reckon I shall trap this otter next."

They had just reached the river as Job said this, and he paused a moment on the bank looking down on the swollen stream.

"Is the trap there?" asked his companion, peering into the water. "I never saw an otter. I hope you'll catch the beast while I am here, Mr. Byles. How big is he?"

"If he've been growin' all the years I've been artur 'un," said Job, "I reckon he's as big as a elephant which I seed once in a carry-van. We've had rain enough of late to make 'un grow. There isn't a crittur in the world loves rain more than an otter does. Here's Ephrum coming! He don't like rain—but he's growed a good deal lately, for all that; in fact, he's growed so big, that I expect it'll do 'un good to be took down a inch or two; for which reason I'm rayther looking forward to the day you've fixed on."

By this it will be perceived that Ephraim had not made himself more agreeable to his family since his promotion to a partnership with Mr. Spence.

"Tea is ready!" he cried out, snappishly, as he lounged toward them through the mist. "Are you still otter-hunting, patriarch? Well, the river is big and muddy enough now to hide twenty traps."

"One is enough, Ephrum, my son," observed the trapper, with a sly wink at his friend.

As they neared the house the shrill voice of Miss Jemima and the genteel squeak of the piano met them in a ferocious discord, bringing a dismal expression to old Job's shriveled countenance.

CHAPTER XLIX.

It was a wild night when Ralph fled from his home; but wild, dark and rough as it was, another was on the road before him; for, as he passed Mr. Spence's office in High street, a skulking figure drew away from the door, and disappeared in haste.

"Can that be a thief?" said Ralph to himself, in wonder; and instantly setting himself heartily to a swift pursuit, he overtook the flying figure, and seized it.

"Ephraim Byles!" he cried, in amazement.

"And no other, sir," said Byles, twisting and writhing in his grasp. "May I ask why a gentleman can't leave his own office without being assaulted?"

"May I ask what you were doing in the office at this time of night, Mr. Byles?"

"You may ask," snarled Ephraim; "but there is no reason why I should tell you. I suppose a man may sit up all night under a press of work, without asking your permission."

"Not when the office is my grandfather's office, and the papers you are examining or stealing are my grandfather's and father's," said Ralph, firmly.

"Your father's!" sneered Ephraim. "He! he! Do you mean Captain Hatherleigh? You are no more his son than I am."

These insolent words brought the blood to Ralph's face in a rush of fury. He seized Ephraim by the collar, and shook him to and fro like a leaf, his own anger stifling the words of indignation that sprang to his lips.

"Let me go!" gurgled Byles, indistinctly. "Do you want to commit murder, like your father?"

"Speak out your meaning, villain!" cried Ralph, relaxing his hold, in the real fear of choking the miserable slanderer in his grasp.

"My meaning is clear enough," gasped Byles. "I repeat that you are not Captain Hatherleigh's son. You are a low fellow, and your father is a low fellow. Oh, he is a nice one, is your father! You had better ask Mrs. Ralph for his character—she'll tell you."

Pale and wretched, Ralph leaned against the railings by which they stood, with a momentary faintness at his heart; then he rallied, and stood up firmly.

"Your vile slanders are beneath contempt," he said; "but take care how you mention my mother. Do but breathe her name again and I will horsewhip you to death."

"Will you?" retorted Byles, shrinking away nevertheless. "Two can play at that. After all, I am only telling you the truth—a truth known well enough at Hatherleigh. Ask yourself why they have cut you all these years. If you have got any common sense you can answer the question. And you needn't get in a rage with me for speaking out what everybody else is whispering."

The horrible truth of this assertion sickened Ralph's very soul, and stopped the breath on his lips. "Ah! you are opening your eyes at last," continued Byles, in a gloating way. "But I wouldn't advise you to open 'em too wide—don't be too particular in asking who your father is. I doubt if an introduction would be very gratifying to your pride. There, I don't wonder you feel it; the very whisper of it, you know, drove old Mr. Spence mad."

"You had better cease," said Ralph, hoarsely.

"I will hear no more from such lips as yours." "You'll hear one thing more, and that is, that no one really means you to marry Miss Dalton," retorted Ephraim, with a sudden blaze over his yellow face. "She knows who you are well enough, and I dare say she pities you—but marry you? No! I should think not. They'll get over the codicil without that."

In his reckless misery Ralph felt thankful that the Hatherleighs had had the grace to keep his marriage a secret, and this wretched reptile at least could not taunt him and barb him through that sorrow.

"I will neither hear Miss Dalton's name nor my mother's name breathed on by such breath as yours," he said, striving with himself for calm. "For the rest, I shall place my affairs in the hands of an honorable firm in London,

who will take care that all the business of the office is well looked to, Mr. Byles."

He quietly passed on with these words, but Ephraim marked with vicious delight that his face was white and sad as death.

"I think he is got rid of," he said to himself, chuckling. "He looks desperate enough for anything—perhaps suicide, or wandering off into space, no one knows or cares where. It is a good thing he didn't knock me down, as I thought he would. He might have seen this, then."

Ephraim here drew from beneath his left arm a little desk or box, upon which he looked with a smile of mingled malignity and triumph.

"I wish I dared burn it," he said, softly; "but no, that's too dangerous for me. The other plan is best and safest."

Through the silent streets of the little town, and up the hill, and on to the heath, and into the wood, Ephraim crept through the darkness, never seeing the stealthy shadow following him with a footfall more wary and silent than his own. In the wood he sought out a lonely spot, and from beneath a fagot he drew a spade, and dug a deep hole, thrusting the box into it hastily, and covering it again with earth and turf with a quick light hand. When all was done, he hid the spade again, and with his knife he notched a tree or two around the spot with a deep dent in the bark; then, with a frightened look, he glanced around, listening intently. But the wood was still as death, and the only sight that shook him was a pale glimmer of moonlight on the grass.

"It's all right," he said, half aloud; and beating his yellow face against the dewy leaves, he dashed through the thick boughs, and disappeared into the darkness.

"Now, what does this mean, I wonder?" ejaculated the old trapper, coming forward from beneath the trees, and standing bewildered in that ghostly strip of moonlight. "I'm afeared this is the biggest wickedness my son Ephraim has done yet. See what it is to be a gentleman! Little sins ain't nothing now."

So saying, Job drew forth the spade from its hiding-place, soon possessed himself of Ephraim's treasure, and after carefully replacing the turf, he trudged away toward Hatherleigh with a graver twist on his old shriveled face than ever it had worn yet.

Meanwhile, Ralph went on his way toward London, and if there had been wanting a single drop to his cup of bitterness, Ephraim's insulting words had added it; if there had lingered in his heart still one hesitating hope, Ephraim's taunts and slanders had quenched it, and he was now out in the wide world alone with his despair.

CHAPTER L.

For the second time in his life Philip Dalton hurried to Plymouth to catch a large Australian steamer, which would harbor there for a few hours on her way to Melbourne. When she steamed into the Sound, and anchored within the Breakwater, his was the first boat that touched her side, and in another instant he was on board, and had Ralph by the hand.

"I have letters for you from Mrs. Hatherleigh, and from your wife and mother," he said. "Read them in your own cabin, and then return to me, and say what you will do."

Ralph was glad to be alone at the opening of his letters, for his agitation was too great to admit of a witness; nevertheless he did not remain long in his stateroom, and there was a great change in his haggard aspect when he came back to Mr. Dalton.

"I have decided," he said, "to go back to Hatherleigh with you. I am told in my letters that I must prepare to hear a history that will pain me; but I can bear to hear anything, so that the horrible slander of Ephraim Byles is refuted."

"It will be refuted point-blank," returned Mr. Dalton. "Mrs. Hatherleigh has assured me of this, although she had no time to explain more. I am as ignorant as you of the history you are about to hear. Let us start at once."

Ralph did not object; but as his luggage was being brought on deck, he said to Mr. Dalton, a little stiffly:

"I consider it my bounden duty to return and hear this explanation, since my mother wishes it, especially as Mrs. Hatherleigh owes it both to her and to me to clear up the past. You can scarcely understand how bitter she has made all the years of my life at Coryton."

"I can both understand and see it," answered Mr. Dalton, with a slight smile.

Ralph colored a little at this.

"Caste is an ugly idol," he said; "but it has nearly as many votaries in England as in India. I was made a pariah, and my mind and heart have suffered in the process. I don't deny it."

"There is one person in the world, Mr. Hatherleigh," observed Philip, "who understands you, having been a pariah herself, and who makes allowances for the morbid bitterness of your spirit."

"You mean Ethel," said Ralph, with a deep flush on his face. "I am bewildered when I think of her. How can I believe she loves me?"

"She loves you too well," returned Philip, sharply. "What but love could suffer your arrogance? I need not tell you, Mr. Hatherleigh, that my consent would never have been gained to her marriage with you. Mrs. Hatherleigh owes me an explanation for disposing of my daughter, and I await it with as much anxiety as you do."

"Mrs. Hatherleigh has not been more arrogant and cruel to you than to me," said Ralph. "I loved Ethel, and my love was the first joy that came into my life; she made it bitter to me—so bitter, that the gift I cared most for on earth seemed worthless when given to me by her hands. Do you know what I wrote to your daughter?"

"I know something of it," answered Philip. "I believe you told her you thought the marriage was made against her inclination, and

you would throw no difficulties in the way, if she attempted to free herself from it. You added that your absence would give her a surer chance of freedom, and therefore you were leaving England."

"And do you know how she has replied to me?" asked Ralph.

"I can guess," said Philip Dalton, mildly. "She has answered, doubtlessly, offering to give up all things for your sake—you who deserve nothing from her."

"Boat is ready, sir, and luggage on board," said a sailor.

It was dark when they reached Hatherleigh, and the lights of the old mansion gleamed out faintly upon the stately trees as they passed beneath their sombre shadow. When Ralph entered, he was led to the library, where he found himself alone with Mrs. Hatherleigh. The lines of age and sorrow on her proud face had deepened visibly since he saw her last, and greeting him silently, she pointed to a seat.

"I am come, madame, at your commands," said Ralph, "to listen to the reason you have to give me, as you say, for the long rancor and cruel injustice you have shown my mother and myself. Above all, I am come to hear why you chose the woman I loved to be the instrument of your hatred, not stopping for pity even at my father's deathbed, but making there the gift of her hand appear to me, not as a joy long desired, but a trick to impoverish me, or a means to debase me."

"It was neither," answered Mrs. Hatherleigh; "it was the truest and best gift ever bestowed on man—a good woman's love. But we all forgive you; long bitterness has made you mad. You are not the only one who has suffered cruelly through a cruel deceit. When you hear the story I have to tell, you will find others have endured more than you. We have all spared you; and it is not I now who enlighten you—it is the last despair and anguish of your mother that speak."

Ralph's face grew white, fixed, and angry as he listened; but Mrs. Hatherleigh, perhaps in kindness, did not glance at him.

"I am not going to tell you this story myself," she said; "I shall set it before you in another way through the evidence of others. You can observe and hear without speaking, if you choose, and almost without being seen. Will you sit here in the shade of this curtain?"

Ralph took the seat indicated in silence. He had sat in the shadow of his enemy all his life, and now that she was at last to speak out, he felt a strange calmness growing over him, which would enable him to bear tranquilly any disclosure which would chase this shadow away. Mrs. Hatherleigh sat at the table with the light of a lamp shining full on her lined and aged face; Ralph was at her left hand in the embrasure of the deep bay window, and the gloom of its heavy curtain fell over him.

Mrs. Hatherleigh rang a little silver hand-bell by her side, and, as if in instant answer to the summons, a servant opened the door, and announced, "Mr. Ephraim Byles!"

Ephraim entered, in his best manner and with his genteel air. He was dressed in full evening costume, and had evidently prepared himself to play his new part of gentleman in good style. His countenance fell a little on seeing Ralph, and he took the seat to which Mrs. Hatherleigh pointed with that sudden contraction of his narrow eyes peculiar to him.

"You have favored me with many letters, Mr. Byles, and with many propositions, all tending to your own advancement," observed Mrs. Hatherleigh; "and I have sent for you this evening in order to give you an opportunity of speaking, if you deem it wise to do so. First, however, you must hear me and my friends; then you will be better able to decide on your own course of conduct."

The sarcasm in this speech did not reach Ephraim; his self-sufficient mind had grown elate again, and he smiled with gratified hate and vengeance.

"I shall do whatever you may desire, madam," he returned, in his genteel voice. "You are aware my most earnest wish is to please you and Miss Dalton."

"You still present yourself to me as her suitor?" asked Mrs. Hatherleigh; but her eye fell on Ralph, and the half-smile in it checked the words springing to his lips.

"I hope I'm not too presumptuous," said Byles, "in offering myself to Miss Dalton. I'm in the position of a gentleman now; and my birth, though low, is at least honest. There's nothing to be said against the name of Byles, I believe, anywhere."

No reply was made to this, though Ralph, thinking the sneer was aimed at the name of Hartrow, could ill repress his anger for Ethel's sake; but the entrance of Philip Dalton checked his speech. Mrs. Hatherleigh rose, and gave him a chair by her side.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, "I have more reason to be grateful to you than you imagine; and I trust, if the relation you are now come to hear should pain you, you will at least feel that you have been spared much of the suffering that has fallen on others. You have a portrait of your sister, Hester Hartrow, which I asked you to bring with you. Will you lay it on the table here, where the light falls well on it?"

Philip Dalton obeyed her wish with some surprise. The picture was the one which he had looked away from Ethel's eyes so many years ago.

"Ralph," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, turning toward him suddenly, and for the first time with a quivering of her lip, "you have a locket with a portrait of my daughter-in-law in it. Will you lay that on the table beside the picture of Hester Hartrow?"

The surprise on Philip's face became amazement on Ralph's as he complied with this command, while a smile broke over Ephraim's thin lips, and his furtive eyes grew bright as a watching snake's. Now, again, the door was opened, and a servant announced Sir Henry Austen. Mrs. Hatherleigh rose, and went for-

ward to receive him, not relinquishing his hand after their greeting till she had led him forward to the table, where she stood beside him.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

PARSON BROWNLOW is partially cured of paralysis.

THE Governor-General of Canada gets \$50,000 a year, besides large perquisites.

MR. MOTLEY, the American Minister, is the guest of Earl Russell, at Woburn Abbey.

MISS NANNIE DICKEY, of Pittsburgh, has gone to India as a Presbyterian missionary.

ST. LOUIS is honored by the temporary sojourn of Prince Sapieha, of Russia, and his consort.

MISS HELEN PELLOSTREAU has been appointed to a chair in the female college at Pittsburgh, Pa.

QUITE an excitement was created in Cassel, on the 18th, on the reported suicide of the ex-Emperor Napoleon.

It is announced that Mrs. Dahlgren will occupy herself in writing the life of her husband, the late Admiral Dahlgren.

CHARLES HARROLD, one of General Jackson's staff officers at the battle of New Orleans, died in that city a few days ago.

THE venerable Charles Tappan, of Boston, who is more than eighty years of age, has just returned from a tour of Europe.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, who has been seriously ill for some time, died at the Palace of Quebec last week.

RISTORI, having returned from South America with a pile of gold, is at present in Naples with her family, enjoying good health.

MACMAHON'S medical attendants say he never moaned during the probing or sewing of his wounds, which are reported frightful.

THE late Paul de Cassagnac, although a brilliant journalist, bitter, forcible, and witty, and a notorious duelist, was not thirty years of age.

THE venerable Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, is said to be the oldest living graduate of Harvard University. He was in the class of 1797.

HENRY MORGAN, Esq., of Aurora, N. Y., has presented to Wells College the magnificent collection of birds, formerly the property of Audubon.

THE heir-apparent to the throne of Japan is in San Francisco. He is the first of the royal family who ever turned his back upon his native land.

THREE brothers Bernadotte, nephews of the King of Sweden and relatives of the Bonaparte family, are serving as volunteers under the French flag.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE is greatly improved in health, and desired to resume official duties on the 30th, but his physician has counselled longer rest.

ISAAC JARMAN, the coxswain of the Rams-gate lifeboat in England, has been instrumental in saving four hundred lives during the last ten years.

THE Empress Eugenie is to be entertained at Torquay, England, by Lady Falk, one of the most fashionable women of the Tory wing of the aristocracy.

DURING the three hundred and fifty years that the palace of the Tuileries has been a royal dwelling, no French sovereign has died within its walls.

By the death of Lord Mayo, the position of Viceroy of India is left vacant. Salary, \$150,000 in gold, with all the comforts of a home, and traveling expenses paid.

THE death of Dr. Sam Dickens recently, at Memphis, terminated the Dickens-Colton vendetta, which has disgraced Tennessee and destroyed two entire families.

BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW has been appointed United States Solicitor-General, under the law organizing the Department of Justice, with the Attorney-General as his head.

Two infants took a walk in Columbus the other day, and people stared unmercifully at them. They were Dr. Francis Hoy and his wife, aged respectively 100 and 95 years.

THOMAS HUGHES, M. P., lectured before the Mercantile Library Association, at Cooper Institute, New York, on Friday evening last, and sailed for England on the following day.

QUEEN AUGUSTA reads her war dispatches to the people from her balcony. She appears in a plain morning dress, and tells the whole story, whether it be of victory or defeat.

THE death of Nils Ericsson, the eldest brother of the well-known Captain John Ericsson, is announced. He is said to have been the greatest engineer that Sweden ever produced.

THE temperance world is excited over the arrival of Mr. Tom Heywood, editor of the London "Temperance Star." Mr. Heywood comes to preach salvation by the way of the pledge.

THE bodies of William T. Coggeshale and daughter have arrived in this country from Ecuador, South America, where Mr. Coggeshale died while Minister to that court, two years ago.

THE preliminaries of the marriage between the Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, have been arranged with the consent of the Queen.

THE Bishop of Calcutta has been visiting Burnah, but failed to obtain an interview with the King, because His Majesty insisted that the right reverend gentleman should squat cross-legged on a piece of carpet.

SUPERINTENDENT KELSO.

ON Monday, October 17th, at a meeting of the Police Commissioners of New York, at the Central Office, in Mulberry street, James J. Kelso, Chief of the Detective Squad, was appointed Superintendent of Police, to succeed the lamented Captain Jourdan.

Superintendent Kelso is a tall, compactly-built gentleman, thirty-five years of age, whose record as a detective is extremely creditable. He entered the Police Department in January, 1861, and after a service of one year was attached to the detective squad. On the 9th of April, 1863, he was appointed Sergeant, and in December following became Captain of this important branch of police service. Like the late Superintendent Jourdan, he received his education in one of our public schools, and graduated from the Free Academy. Between the deceased Superintendent and his successor there



THE GREAT HURRICANE IN CUBA.—MATANZAS AS IT APPEARED DURING THE CYCLONE OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1870, IN WHICH UPWARD OF TWO THOUSAND PERSONS WERE DROWNED.

existed feelings of the warmest friendship, both having been frequently associated in professional work requiring great courage, physical endurance, and composure. His experience as chief of the detectives, joined to his natural energy and perseverance, and his high estimate of the qualities that should fit men for this peculiarly trying and dangerous avocation, render him a most suitable person for the position to which he has been called. As a disciplinarian he is of the strictest stamp, and will not tolerate any negligence of duty on the part of officers under him. Personally, he is of an even temper, a fine conversationalist, and a great favorite on the force. His splendid physique and large blue eyes would render him an object of notice anywhere. He has entered upon the discharge of his complicated and laborious duties with characteristic earnestness, and he cannot fail to speedily infuse among the officers of the force the spirit of untiring zeal which has been the distinguishing feature of his own career.

THE HURRICANE IN CUBA.

On Friday, the 14th inst., the island of Cuba was visited by a terrific cyclone, which swept over a large part of the island. In the city of Havana but slight damage was done, however, to the vessels and to property in the city. Trees were prostrated, but no houses. In the country the grain, cane, and other crops, were damaged.

The hurricane also visited and submerged Matanzas with most disastrous effects. A dispatch received at Havana on the 16th inst., describes the storm at that place as terrible in its results. The waters of the St. John and Yumuri Rivers poured from the mountains in great floods, and meeting the waves of the ocean which were driven with fury upon the shore, heaped themselves up in the lower part of the town, drowning upward of two thousand of the inhabitants—including men, women, and children. The telegraphic dispatch continues:

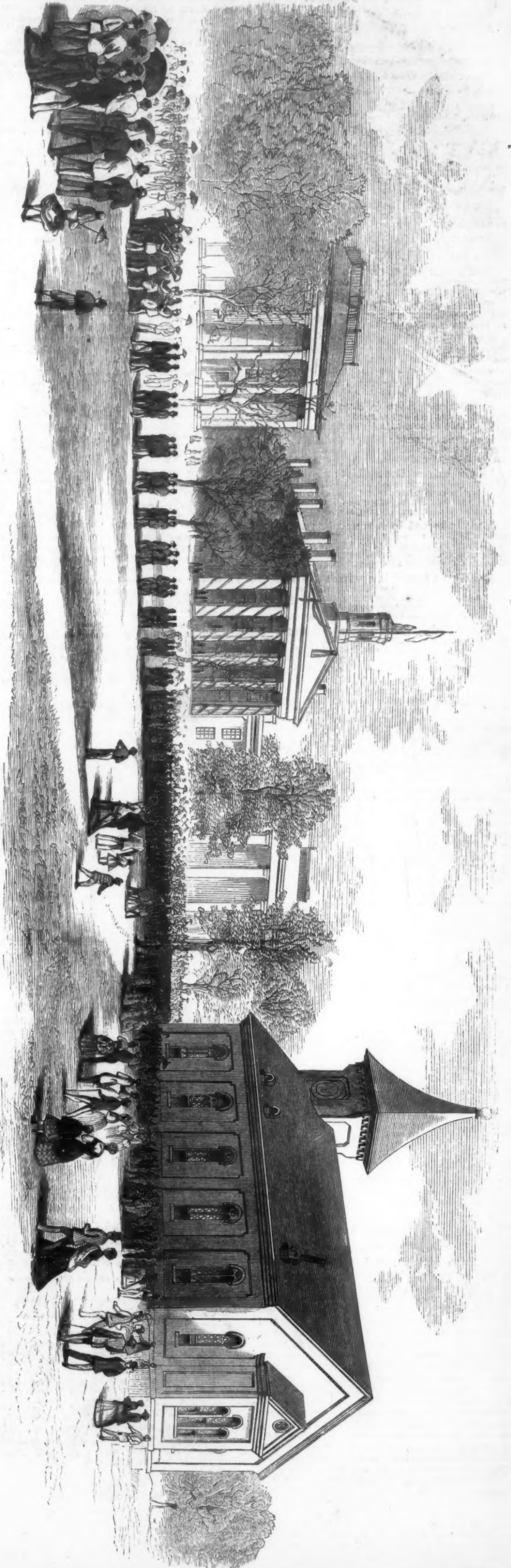


JAMES J. KELSO, SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SABOT.—SEE PAGE 123.

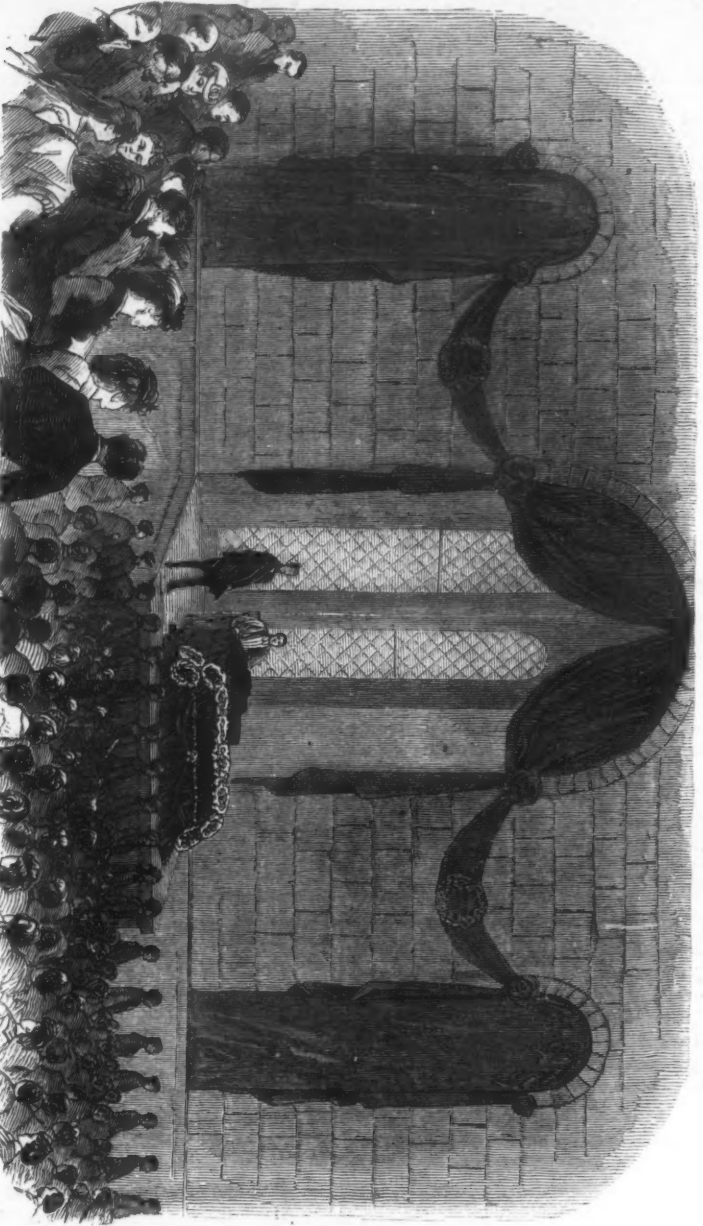
"In this city several small houses were completely unroofed. The window-blinds and eaves of others were torn off by the violence of the winds. All the trees in the park were blown down, and the greater portion of the flowers and shrubbery in the various gardens and places in the city have been destroyed. Fortunately no lives were lost. The railroads out of the city are not running any cars, as the roads have been greatly damaged by water. The telegraph wires are all down.

"A messenger who arrived here from the city of Matanzas last night says that the heavy rains and winds which prevailed there caused a junction of the San Juan and Yumuri Rivers, which ran at different sides of the town, submerged the suburbs of Versailles and overflowed the adjoining country.

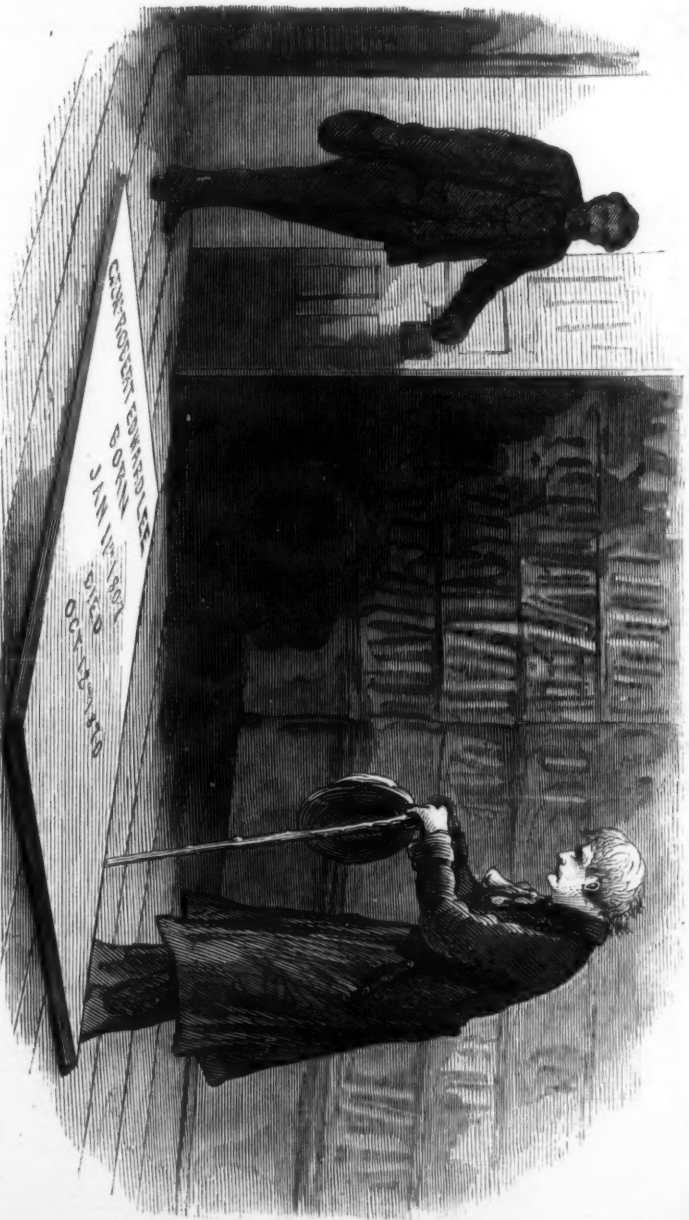
"It is estimated that two thousand persons have been drowned. The bridges of San Luis, Baen, and Yumi have all been swept away. The warehouses situated on the San Juan River have been destroyed. The city has been rendered completely desolate. Reports which have come to hand from Cardenas say that great damage has also been done there. The lower part of the city was laid waste. The interior of the island back of Cardenas and Matamoras is desolated. At Guines many houses have been unroofed, a church tower blown down, and the trees in the plaza prostrated. The rice-fields in the vicinity of the town have all been destroyed. There was great loss to cooperage and stock in the warehouses on the low ground at Matanzas, which was all destroyed. The influx of the sea caused a great rise in the rivers; when the sea receded everything was swept away by the returning flood. Reports from various places throughout the country say that the plantain-groves and thousands of trees have been completely destroyed. The cane, being somewhat backward this season, sustains less damage than other crops. In the estimation of some the hurricane was the most severe which has visited this island within a century."



LEXINGTON, VA.—SCENE IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS ON THE MORNING OF THE FUNERAL—THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF WASHINGTON-LEE COLLEGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MURPHY, LEXINGTON, VA.—SEE PAGE 119.



LEXINGTON, VA.—SCENE IN THE CHAPEL—STUDENTS TAKING A FINAL LEAVE OF THEIR LATE PRESIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.



LEXINGTON, VA.—SCENE IN THE LIBRARY OF THE CHAPEL—THE TOMB OF GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SHARPSHOOTERS—Aching teeth.
A MATCH game—Incendiarism.
TEXT for a brewer—He brews XX.
THE panel game—Drawing a jury.
DEER lodges—Five-dollar-a-day hotels.
A PAINFUL cry—"Windows to mend."

CLERICAL errors—Three-quarters of an hour sermons.

FALL styles in the dry-goods stores—Marked down goods.

An insult to the flag—Stenciling advertisements on the pavement.

A MONOPOLY that no one complains of—A bore who keeps himself to himself.

A YOUNG lady in Iowa has brought a libel suit against her mother as the only means left to get a mother-in-law.

THE reflection of a victim—Charity covers a multitude of sins; a charity bazaar covers a multitude of swindling.

WHY should you fine a man for possessing two eyes, a nose, and a mouth? Because he is subject to four-features!

THE saying that "The Dutch have taken Holland" gives way now to the new one that "The Italians have taken Rome."

SOME idea of the scarcity of carriages in Eastern Asia may be formed from the statement that there is but one Cochinchina.

WHY can no order of the General Commanding in Paris be mild and gentle? Because it is manifestly "A Trochu's" (atrocious).

At a lecture given in Frankfort, Indiana, not long since, the tickets read: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Admit one.

A CAPITAL answer: Self-made man, examining a school, of which he is manager—"Now, boy, what's the capital of Oiland?" Boy—"An 'H,' sir."

An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared, on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward which was stored up in heaven for the finder by offering him money.

A MAN who had been arrested as a vagrant protested he had a regular trade and calling—to wit, smoking glass for total eclipses of the sun; and as these occur only a few times in a century, he was not to blame for being out of employment a good deal.

At a Grand Army fair, a veteran was relating his exploits to some friends, and, in the hearing of some boys, remarked that he had been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow; "my sister Sarah has been engaged eleven times."

"Aw!" exclaimed an English cockney to a Western traveler in England, "speaking—aw—of the law of primogeniture, 'ave you the hentail in America?" "Hentail!" said the American, looking at his interrogator with curiosity. "No, sir, but we have the cocktail in America."

A COUNTRYMAN was standing on one of the wharves the other day watching the progress of hoisting an anchor of a schooner, which was getting under way, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "Yo, heave O!" of the sailors, he remarked: "You may heave high and heave low, but you will never get that crooked thing through that little hole; I know better."

"Max I sing, ma?" asked a smart four-year old who had been taken to church by her mother. Ma, whose eyes were upon the panners in the next pew, of course said "Yes," as all indulgent mothers do; and little hopeful, with a strong voice, commenced "Up in a Balloon." "Hush, hush!" said Ma, "don't sing that!" Pausing a moment, the young vocalist struck up "Not for Joe," and was immediately hustled out of the sanctuary.

Who would think we were so fearfully and wonderfully made? We drink, every one of us, a pair of boots a year! We carry iron enough in our blood, constantly, to make a horseshoe. We have clay enough in our frames to make, if properly separated and baked, a dozen good-sized bricks. We eat at least a peck of dirt a month. The man who carelessly tips a glass of lager into his stomach little reflects that he has begun the manufacture of a hat, yet such is the case. The malt of the beer assimilates with the chyle, and forms a sort of felt—the very same seen so often in hat factories—but not being instantly utilized, is lost. Still further, it is estimated the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months.

THE MODERN MARRIAGE SERVICE.

"Wilt thou take this brown-stone front,
 These carriages, this diamond,
 To be the husband of thy choice,
 Fast locked in bonds of Hymen?
 And wilt thou leave thy home and friends
 To be his loving wife,
 And help to spend his large income
 So long as thou hast life?"

"I will," the modest maid replies,
 The love-light beaming in her eyes.

"And wilt thou take this waterfall,
 This ostentatious pride,
 With all these unpaid milliners' bills,
 To be thy chosen bride?
 And wilt thou love and cherish her
 Whilst thou hast life and health,
 But die as soon as possible,
 And leave her all thy wealth?"

"I will," the fearless mate replies,
 And eager waits the nuptial ties.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;
 And what I've joined forever,
 The next best man may disunite,
 And the first divorce court sever."

THE science of advertising is one which can be learned by experience only, and like everything else requiring study and skill, is best understood by those houses whose sole business it is, hence we regard that advertiser as peculiarly fortunate who is enabled to secure the services of a reliable agent, conversant with the whole subject and able by his experience, knowledge, and general reputation with both the public and publishers, to offer all the advantages and emoluments that can only be possessed by a first-class house.

Unfortunately, however, for all interested, there are and always have been so many mushroom concerns in all parts of the country, but more especially in this city, whose pretensions to the title of advertising agents have been backed by no claims to either honesty or reputation, that the wary advertiser is led thereby to sometimes mistrust the whole system. In arriving at such a conclusion, however, a great mistake is surely made, and the just are led to suffer with the unjust, while the irresponsible agent is the barnacle upon the great ship of business that retards and injures its forward progress. The responsible agent, on the other hand, may well be compared with, and often proves the helmsman that guides and directs to successful results the expenditures of

many of our largest as well as smallest advertisers. To put down the former, by refusing them business or credit, and to encourage the latter by patronage and general favor, is evidently the best policy for all concerned, as by so doing the advertiser secures the best terms from a party thoroughly reliable and responsible, and the publisher is sure of his pay. If every publisher would make it a rule to insert no foreign advertising from any source whatever, unless it comes through a regular agency, known to be in every respect thoroughly reliable and responsible, that dicker class of shysters, so long a bane upon the community, would soon become extinct, and none would rise up to fill their places.

Among those houses of known solidity and promptness whose merits are universally recognized, and whose reliability and skill remain unquestioned, perhaps that of George P. Rowell & Co. is most deserving of mention and confidence.

Comparatively young in the business, it has worked its way against all obstacles and opposition to the very front rank, and, by the persistency of its efforts, gained therein an enviable position. A close attention to business, a watchfulness over the best interests of their customers, and a promptness in the execution of all orders entrusted to their care, has been characteristic of the firm from the outset, and done much to ingratiate them in public favor.

They have always possessed the best facilities for doing work both cheap and well, and by promptness and fair dealing succeed in procuring from publishers in all cases the lowest cash rates, and, by so doing, distance their competitors in a majority of instances when figuring upon large estimates.

A remarkable instance of their business tact and foresight has just taken place. The old firm of John Hooper & Co., for so many years known and recognized as one of the best and most reliable advertising agencies of the country, had built up a most desirable patronage, and influenced an amount of business second to but few other houses. To secure the business and good-will of so formidable a competitor was a very desirable point to be gained, and this Messrs. Rowell & Co. have finally succeeded in doing by the merging of the older in the younger and more enterprising house. Messrs. Hooper & Co. retire from the field entirely, after a long and eventful career ever marked with honesty and fairness in all their transactions, and carry with them a name for fair dealing and attention to business which will be well sustained and equally marked in the firm of Rowell & Co.

The large office of Messrs. Hooper & Co., at 40 Park Row, has already been leased, and will be occupied by Rowell & Co. in addition to their previously extensive quarters, and they secure thereby an area of office-room double in extent that of any other agency in the country. Of course by this consolidation their facilities for doing business are greatly increased, and their advertising patronage rendered much more extensive.

Our readers will do well to give them a call when contemplating any business in their line, and we can assure them of a pleasant reception and assistance of great value in maturing their plans.

IT IS SAID that every extensive advertiser has to pay a very large sum for experience before he learns how to invest his money judiciously. It would be better to entrust the business to a responsible Advertising Agency, like that of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, and thus gain the benefit of experience without cost. Contracts can be made with them as low as with publishers direct.

THE publication of that veteran journal of Washington, the National Intelligencer, after a few months of suspension, has been resumed in New York city, under the editorship and proprietorship of Alexander Delmar, ex-Director of the Federal Bureau of Statistics. It re-enters the arena with energy, and promises to regain its former prestige and popularity.

THE portrait of the late Luis Ayestaran—recently executed by order of the Spanish authorities at Havana—published in No. 786 of this journal, was from a photograph by Sarony, of this city.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I HAVE used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (No. 2,762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know.

M. BUDLONG.

Utica, N. Y.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This popular Cosmetic has long maintained (thirty-one years) a high and prominent place in public estimation, and in fashionable ladies' boudoirs, not alone for its extraordinary beautifying effects on the skin and complexion, removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, etc., but also the innocence and purity of its ingredients.

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has not been heralded by inflated advertisements, nor is it the creature of paid-for puff; it stands on its merits alone, and with intelligent purchasers it is sought after in preference to the host of cheap and vile preparations flooding the market.

DR. GOURAUD is daily in receipt of Druggist orders from distant parts relating that lady residents in their localities, and especially ladies traveling, who have used the article, and who have recommended it from one to another, imploring said druggists to order some from Dr. G. and which they are ultimately obliged to do.

It is a well-established fact that the cupidity of many druggists prompts them to recommend an article to ladies, not from its intrinsic good qualities, but from the larger profits to be made on its sale. Dr. G. concedes that his margins are not as large as many merchants allow, nor does he intend they shall be. A truly valuable cosmetic, such as the Oriental Cream, will be prized, and the ladies will have it even if obliged to order it direct from Dr. G., at his only depot in New York, 48 Bond Street.

Philadelphia: Wholesale and retail depot, EVANS, 48 South Eighth Street, and leading druggists. Boston: GOODWIN & CO., and WEEKS & POTTER. Baltimore: THOMSEN & BLOCK.

For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral astringents. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 48 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Open on Monday, October 24th, with an unrivaled assortment of Fall and Holiday attractions. 28 Departments full of Novelties.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 100 ps. gros grain Black Silk, \$1.50; 100 ps. gros grain, very good, \$1.00; worth \$2.75. 200 ps. gros grain, very rich, \$2.88. All White edges and pure silk.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 200 ps. Splendid SATINES, just received, at 95c. Elsewhere \$1.25. 300 ps. finest VELVETS \$1.35; worth \$2. Most elegant thing this season.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 200 ps. Black Satins, \$1.50; worth \$2. 200 ps. Colored Satins, \$1.50; worth \$2. 200 ps. " " Satins, \$2.25; worth \$3. Very elegant goods, beautiful finish.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 100 Cartons Black Sash Ribbons at 90c., \$1, and \$1.25; worth 10 per ct. more. 100 ps. all color Sash Ribbons, 85c. All pure silk and very rich.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Silk Suits, gros grain, \$85. Very stylish and elaborately trimmed Poplin Walking Suits, \$12; worth \$20. Alpaca Suits, ov'rskirt & sash, \$9 up.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 20 cases Black Alpaca, 50c.; worth 75c. 20 cases Black Alpaca, 62c.; worth \$1. Finest, purest, richest and cheapest. 1000 ps. Empress Cloth, 50c.; worth 75c.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 500 dozen splendid, all colors, Kid Gloves have just arrived, and are selling at \$1.75; worth \$2.50. These gloves equal any in the market.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. The above are warranted real Kid. Will not rip, are stitched in all colors. Ladies may try them on, and all not satisfactory exchanged.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Grand preparations for the Holidays. 25 departments daily replenished. New goods arrive per steamers every week. Great bargains.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., 331 & 333 Sixth Ave.

AT EHRLICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION.

LARGE LOTS OF AUCTION GOODS JUST RECEIVED AT GREAT BARGAINS.

50 pieces Black Velveteen at 65c.; worth \$1.25
 20 " Brown " 75 " 1.25
 100 " Drab " 37 " 1.25
 100 " Drab " 37 " 1.25
 10 " Green & Purple Silk Velvet \$1.65, with \$2.50
 10 " Black " 1.70 " 2.50
 10 " Brown Silk Plush, 1.40 " 2.25

AT EHRLICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION.

Great bargains in Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Silks, Satins, Sash Ribbons, etc., etc.

Bik Ostrich Tips at 25c.; worth 50c.

Best Bik Single Ostrich Tips at 50c.; worth \$1.

Real Humming Birds, stuffed, at 50c.; worth \$1.25.

At EHRLICH'S, just received, full lines of Jewelry, Kid Gloves, Real Thread and Gimp Laces of our own importation. Corsets, Hosiery, etc., etc., at bargains.

At Ehrlich's Temple of Fashion,

287 EIGHTH AVENUE (between 24th and 25th streets).

Lamb Family Knitting-Machines,

2 CLINTON PLACE,

NEW YORK.

SEND IN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. A new volume has just begun, with capital stories and attractions, unequalled by any publication in the world. One dollar will secure it for three months; the cheapest, best reading for the Fall and Winter.

JUST OUT—"Grand Prussian Victory March," for pianos; one of the most beautiful and brilliant marches ever published. For sale at LOUIS BERGER'S Piano-Forte Warerooms, No. 97 Bleeker Street, New York, or sent by mail, at 50 cents.

\$10 A DAY—Business entirely new. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Bideford, Me.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the Ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 607 Broadway, New York.

FOR FAMILY USE—Apple Parer, Corer, and Slicer. Price \$2. Made by D. H. WHITE-MORE, Worcester, Mass.

WANTED!—AGENTS everywhere, to canvass for JOHN S. C. ASBOTT'S forthcoming book, "Prussia and the Franco-Prussian War." A live subject for a wide-awake canvasser. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

THE SCHOOLS—Portraits of the best pupils in the schools throughout the country are given in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY. "These portraits will not only increase the popularity of the Weekly, but prove a great incentive to young students to excel in all that is commendable."—Boston Journal.

\$1,800 IN CASH.

Can be made easy, without capital, in six months, by either lady or gentleman. Respectable employment. Enclose 10 cents for samples. Address P. O. Box 3,696, New York. G. E. ALZORA, M.D.

"TOM LESTER; OR, THE SECRET OF THE RED POCKET-BOOK," one of the best stories written; "Kit Carson's Adventures;" "Grandmother Wasp;" a capital burlesque; "Papers on American Coins;" and a series of Puzzle Stories, in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

NO HUMBAG. Five Splendid Photographs of Prussian Generals, only 10 cents. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York City.

"HURRICANE TOWER; OR, THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF"—a deeply interesting story of school life—now appears in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

Go to O'Neill's,

329 SIXTH AVENUE,

FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH ROUND HATS.

All Shapes Silk Velvet Hats, \$2.50.

Finest quality Felt Hats, only \$1.50; worth \$2.50.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

OSTRICH PLUMES,

OSTRICH TIPS,

FANCY FEATHERS,

FINEST GOODS IMPORTED,

FRENCH FLOWERS,

NATURAL ROSES.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Sash Ribbons, selling off below cost.

100 Cartons 7-inch Black Ribbons, 60c.; worth \$1.

50 Cartons Roman Sash Ribbons, \$1; worth \$1.50.

Complete Assortment of Gros Grain.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Velvets for Dress Trimmings.

100 Pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.50 to \$1.85 per yard.

Extra Fine Black Silk Velvet, \$2.50 and \$2.70.

All shades of Colored Velvets.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.35; worth \$1.75.

All new shades.

Black Crapes, cut bias.

Thread Lace, Fine French Laces.

Nets of all kinds.

Call and see our prices.

All Goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 329 Sixth Av.,

Between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets.

AT NO. 729, JACKSON'S,

COR. BROADWAY AND WAVERLEY

PLACE.

MOURNING GOODS FROM AUCTION.

GREAT BARGAINS.

BOMBazines, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50, \$1.75.

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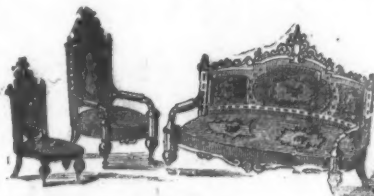
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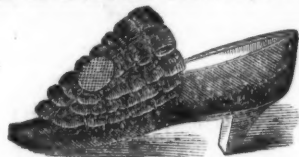
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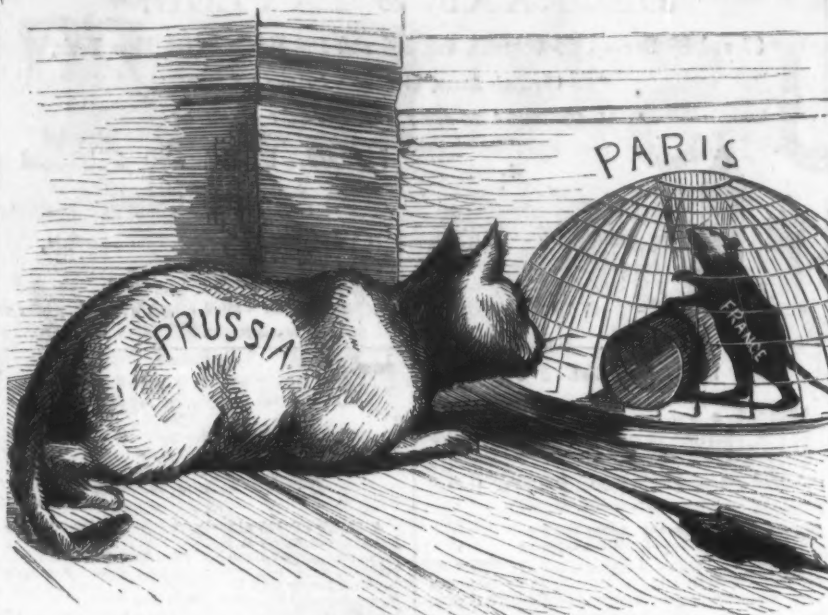
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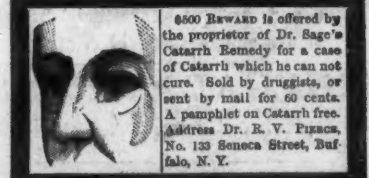
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